The RING

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AUGUST, 1926

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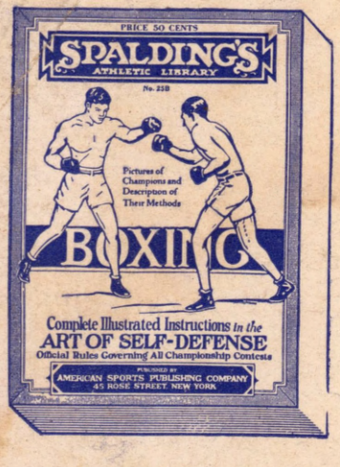

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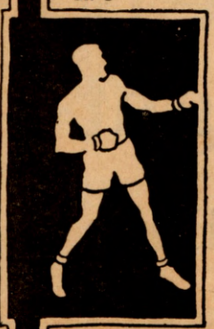

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PR

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"Jack Johnson Greatest Heavyweight and Gans Best Lightweight"—Leo P. Flynn

THREE Negroes are included in my list of the greatest fighters that ever laced on the leather mittens. They can never be duplicated in point of science, hitting and all around ability. Jack Johnson, Joe Gans and George Dixon are the Negroes referred to and they were the last word in boxing wizardry. They had everything in their divisions — heavy, light and feather, respectively, lashed to the mast. The world has never had better champions than the ones I have enumerated.

Bob Fitzsimmons stood out all by himself as the peer of light heavies. Billy Papke outshone the wonderful crop of middle-weights of another era. One cannot compare anyone with Tommy Ryan in the welter class. Terry McGovern was the most vicious featherweight I ever saw, and Jimmy Barry could make all the feathers, bantams and flyweights of to-day look like the proverbial tyros.

Suppose some of the boys will take me to task for my effrontery in selecting Johnson over Jack Dempsey. Well, what I have to say about the big Negro is coming to him. I have seen them come and go over a stretch of thirty years. I have been a close student of the modern art of fisticuffs. I have handled hundred of fighters in my time. I saw Jeffries, Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Sharkey at their best. Corbett was a marvelous boxer, Jeff could hit with the force of a cannon ball, Fitzsimmons was a bearcat and Sharkey could take it till the cows come home, but for all around ability Johnson outshone them like day and night.

JOHNSON was dead game, a great boxer and owned the best brains of any fighter I have ever known. He was a wonderful judge of pace and an iron man in the clinches. He knew more real boxing than all the others, including his predecessors, put together.

Johnson was a deadly puncher. He had a style all his own. You couldn't copy it to save your life (meaning some of the boys who tried to emulate him). It was a treat for the eye to see the big black man in action. He would tie up his opponents into knots. He was a wonderful counterer, a large edition of Gans.

He timed his punches. Seldom did he waste a blow. He had the racket down pat. You could call him all the names in the wide world but you couldn't rattle the old boy. Just a natural born fighter—that dismisses Johnson. Wish I coud lay my hands on a fighter like him.

LEO. P. FLYNN'S LIST OF GREATEST FIGHTERS

Heavyweight—Jack Johnson
Light Heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons
Middleweight—Billy Papke
Welterweight—Tommy Ryan
Lightweight—Joe Gans
Featherweight—Terry McGovern
Bantamweight—George Dixon
Flyweight—Jimmy Barry

Now for Fitzsimmons. What a fighter! He wasn't the cry baby like the majority of fighters of to-day who kick about a man coming in a few pounds over the weight. Fitz feared no man alive. The bigger they came, the better he liked it.

I used to laugh myself sick watching Fitz cave in some of the big boys. He had a knack of doing his stuff all his own. Like Johnson he had a style that wasn't easy to copy. It's a crime they don't develop any more Fitzsimmonses.

There isn't a man to compare with him in the light heavyweight division, and I'll wager everything I own that no man can make me take back water on this declaration. I know what I am talking about. I saw Fitz in most of his greatest fights. He was a sharpshooter if there ever lived one, and every time he landed squarely it was dollars to doughnuts his opponent was on the rocky road to Dublin, or words to that effect.

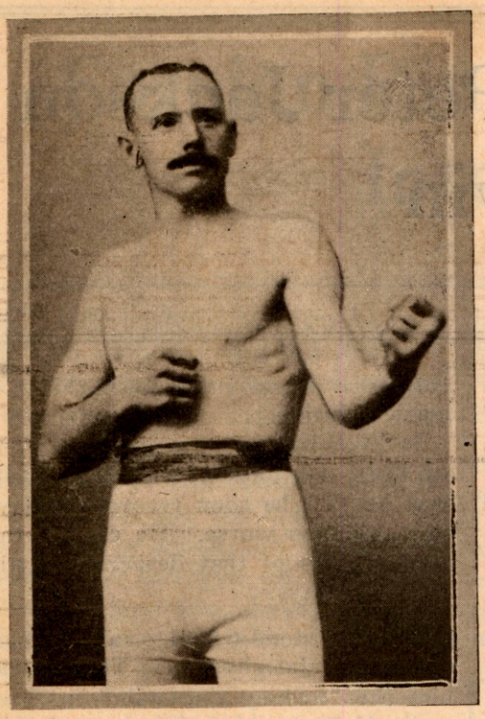
FIRST I figured Stanley Ketchel was the best middleweight but after going over the thing thoroughly, I came to the conclusion that the honor belonged to Billy Papke. Why? Well, Billy was a greater boxer, deadly puncher, could take plenty and had a world of speed.

The Pittsburgher was a marvelous fighter. He knew the fine points of the game from A to Z. I saw him in some thrilling battles, fights that made my hair stand up straight. Ketchel was a great hitter and all that but he didn't have the finesse of a Papke. I know I'll get another razzing for my temerity in picking Papke over the late, lamented Stanley. However, that's my opinion. I can't get arrested for stating my opinion.

Now we come to another splendid specimen of physical manhood, a man who was a master of his trade. I have reference to Tommy Ryan, who, in my opinion, was the master of boxers in all divisions. Tommy stood head and heels over the welterweights of the last thirty years. He could make some of the alleged welters to-day look like they never had a glove on.

Tommy's greatest asset was his keen intellect. Intelligence was his middle name. He also had strength and speed. This combination won him most of his best fights. He could weather a fight storm better than any man I ever knew.

JOE GANS was the best lightweight that ever lived. He could go out of his class continually and win. He could



Bob Fitzsimmons

spot great fighters, ten to twenty pounds and make them eat out of his hands, literally speaking. Imagine fighting tough ones like Sam Langford and Jack Blackburn! Show me a lightweight to-day who could hope to cope with Sambo and Blackburn. Not one!

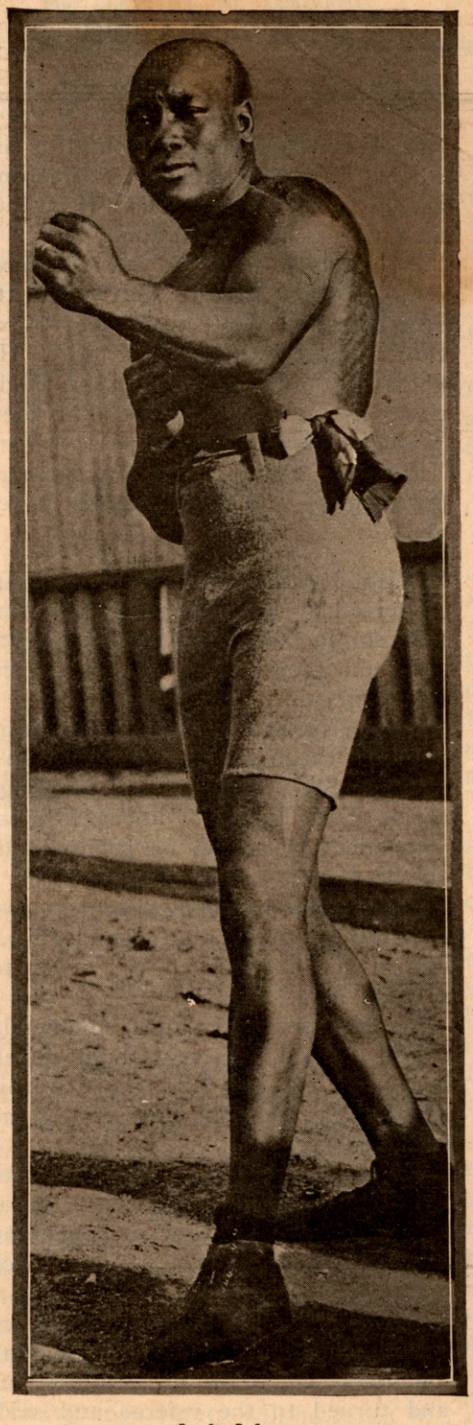
Gans to my mind was the best thinker the ring ever had. When Gans passed out the fight game lost its greatest booster and greatest fighter. Outside the ring he was a gentleman personified. I don't care what lightweight you mention, Gans would tie him into knots. As a counterer there never was one like him. Do you know he used to bet on the round he'd knock his opponent out in? What lightweight is there to-day who could duplicate this feat?

The fastest hitter that ever lived was Terry McGovern. Whoever nicknamed him Terrible Terry know his oats. He was a terrible man. A veritable bulldog in action. He liked to fight every second he was in there. Feared no man his weight and inches in the world.

Give me another McGovern, or one near as good as him, and I wouldn't trade my fortune for John D.'s. He gave me many thrills. I'd go a long ways to see him fight. He always gave the customers a run for their money.

DO you know that I saw Georgie Dixon flatten a lightweight when he only weighed 95 pounds! If there ever lived a greater little fighter than Dixon whisper the name in my ear. I wouldn't want you to be disgraced. It can't be done.

He was the last word in boxing wizardry. He could hit from every angle. I didn't see him get hit much. He was too clever, too scientific. He had loads of science. He was another of the great crop of another era who could

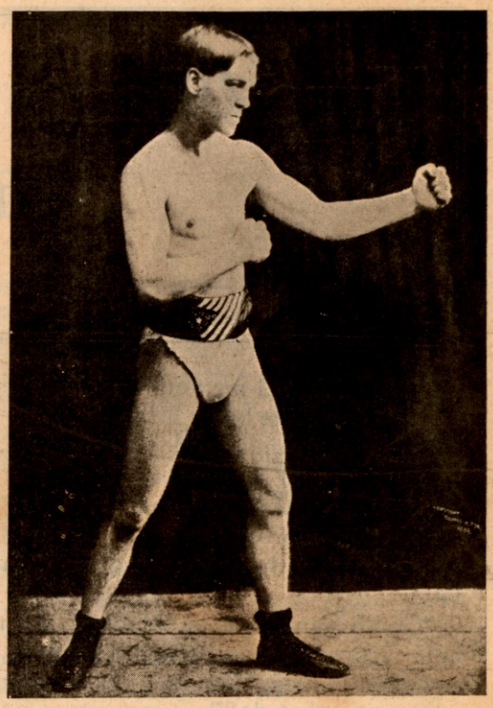


Jack Johnson

go out of his class and come home with the bacon.

Featherweights of to-day or those in the course of development will never duplicate Dixon's performances. They don't mould them like him any more.

Jimmy Barry was an exceptional hitter for his 105 pounds. The flyweights of the present generation

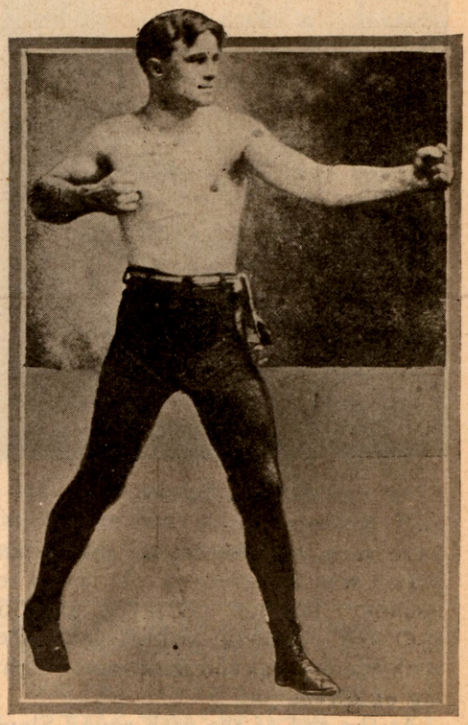


Terry McGovern

aren't in it, one, two, three, with him. He was well schooled. He had a world of courage, could take the gaff and come in for more. He was a wonderful boxer, fast as greased lightning on his feet. He could outhit any fellow pitted against him. The heavier they came in the faster he'd bowl them over.

Those were fighters. Nothing like the pampered, hungry for money gladiators of the present generation.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing.



Billy Papke

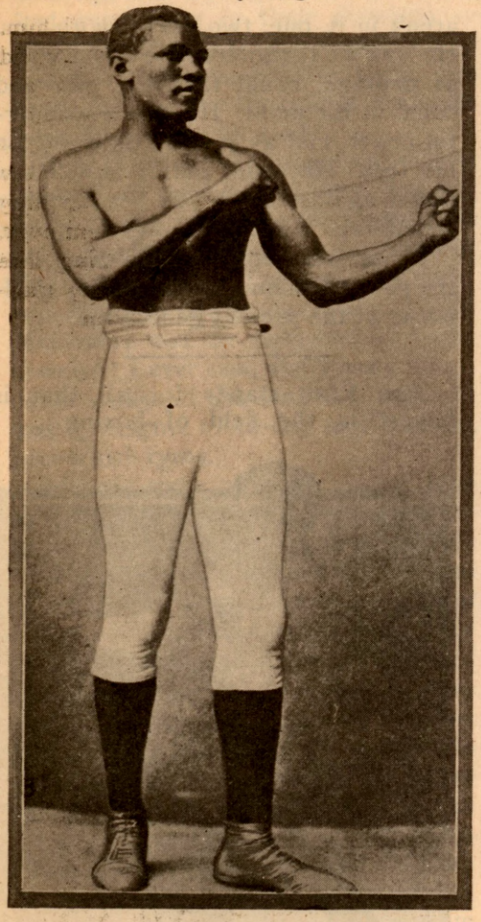
Two Giants of the '90's—Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin

By EUGENE CORRI

"THEY tell me you black fellows don't like being hit in the stomach," said a tactless City youth, in top hat and white spats, to Peter Jackson, at the National Sporting Club, the morning after Jackson's great fight with Frank P. Slavin, in 1892.

"Gentleman Jackson" looked with mild scorn at the whipper-snapper, and then replied, "Can you tell me any white men that do?"

Of all the heavyweight contests I have seen, that between Jackson and Slavin was the greatest. It lasted ten rounds. Jackson displayed amazing skill and judgment, which contrasted with the rugged and determined fighting of Slavin.



Peter Jackson

At the end of the fifth round Slavin landed a terrific right-hander in the ribs, and when Jackson went to his corner I heard him say to "Parson" Davies, one of his seconds, "If he hits me like that again, I'm done."

As Jackson went up for the next round, Davies said to him: "Whatever you do, don't fight him—box! Don't forget that straight left." He knew that as long as Jackson made clever use of his left hand and his feet, Slavin could not hurt him.

The old "Parson" was a wonderful fight "fan," and also a good boxer himself.

THE Jackson-Slavin fight was refereed by B. J. Angle, and fortunately for Jackson, the Australian never got home another blow like that which shook him up in the fifth round.

The crisis in the tenth round was the most thrilling episode in the club's history. Slavin was counted out clinging to Peter Jackson's knees, in grim determination not to be counted out on the floor.

His seconds had begged him to give in at the end of the ninth round. "No," replied the dogged fellow, "never to a black man."

Slavin's eyes were almost completely closed behind his very high cheek bones. I can see him now in this sorry plight from the close view I had in his corner.

He had eyebrows like doormats. Hair grew high up his cheeks. What a face to have in front of you as an enemy! There could be no going back with that type of man.

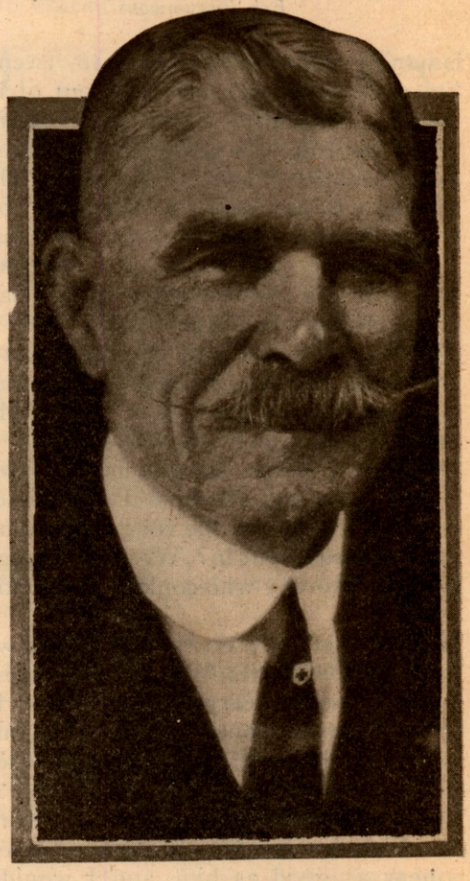
It was about the middle of the tenth round when Jackson, seeing Slavin's deplorable condition, drew himself up and turned to the referee and said: "Have I won, sir?" "Box on," said Mr. Angle, in a loud voice.

Jackson then said, "I am sorry, Frank." Slavin was then reeling in the ring, looking as fierce as a wounded lion, but finished. His legs had gone.

IT took Jackson five punches to bring Slavin to his knees with his arms round Jackson's legs. The great Australian was counted out in this dramatic position.

Jackson had taken a great amount of body punishment, but so fight-fit was he that he soon recovered. Slavin's case was worse. He carried the visible signs of that desperate battle for some days.

SLAVIN stood 6 ft. 1½ in., and had a splendid physique. They called him the "Sydney Cornstalk" in Australia. He is one of the few boxers alive today who had fought several fights under the Prize Ring Rules. He had a drawn fight with Jem Smith, our knuckle champion.



Frank P. Slavin

It took place at Bruges on an Englishman's estate. A great crowd, including Abingdon Baird, the "Squire," and his inseparable boxing associate Charlie Mitchell, were among the British spectators.

(*Continued on page* 9)

Foreign Ring Stars Not to Be Rushed Into Tough Matches

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE rush of foreign boxers of varying capabilities is at its height. The lure of the American dollar draws the best of the ring performers from the other side of the Atlantic and in another month we are likely to have nearly all of the fighters of class from Europe on this side.

Among those who already are here we find Harry Persson of Sweden, claimant to the heavyweight championship of Europe; Charles Francis, light heavyweight title holder over there; the well known Georges Carpentier, once the Orchid man; and Andre Routis, French featherweight.

Among those who will be here shortly are Jack Hood, welterweight champion of Europe; Alf Mancini, English lightweight; Ted Baldock, British flyweight, Hans Diener, German heavyweight and Edouard Mascart, French featherweight who already has been here.

With so big a delegation of invaders coming before them the leading promoters of this country are puzzled. They lack a reliable line on the class of the European boxers and hesitate to put them against any of our top-notchers lest the visitors fail and spoil the entire invasion by bringing a justified howl from the public.

The Rickard Plan

"TEX" Rickard, to whom most of the European fighters are coming, has determined on a policy to govern the appearances of the invaders in New York. They will have to accept tryout matches before he will consent to give them a lucrative engagement. His plan with Persson may be cited as an example of his course in all the cases.

"While I may be confident that Persson has the class and the ability I may be in the wrong," said Rickard to the writer recently. "The public is entitled to get definite information about the foreigners before it is asked to pay high prices to see them perform.

"I am going to bring Persson along carefully. He will get three fights with lesser heavies. A similar plan will be followed with our own Monty Munn, whom I regard as a splendid prospect, perhaps the best we have before us.

"If Persson and Munn come through their tests there will be a Munn-Persson fight. If the plan goes through as I expect it will a match between the Nebraskan and the Swede will draw very well and will bring out a Firpo counterpart for a shot at the heavyweight championship.

PERSSON'S RECORD SHOWS EVEN DOZEN KNOCKOUTS

1923—Emil Andreason, K. O., 9 rounds.
1923—Harry Jorgen, K. O., 1 round.
1923—Rock Knight, won, 10 rounds.
1923—Hans Breitenstraetter, won, 12 rounds.
1923—Bruno Smith II., K. O., 7 rounds.
1923—Guardsman Penwill, won, 15 rounds.
1923—Jack Stanley, won 15 rounds.
1924—Giuseppi Spalla, K. O., 7 rounds.
1924—George Cook, won, 15 rounds.
1924—Harry Reeve, K. O., 3 rounds.
1924—Jack Humbeck, won foul, 1 round.
1924—Larry Gains, K. O., 2 rounds.
1924—Soldier Jones, K. O., 2 rounds.
1924—Guardsman Penwill, K. O., 3 rounds.
1925—Van Der Veer, draw, 15 rounds.
1925—Jack Humbeck, won, 15 rounds.
1925—Van Der Veer, lost, 7 rounds.
1925—Gypsey Daniels, won, 15 rounds.
1925—De Best, K. O., 7 rounds.
1925—Jack Townsend, K. O., 2 rounds.
1926—Soren Pederson, K. O., 7 rounds.
1926—Phil Scott, K. O., 11 rounds.

Foreigners Are Sensible

"WE are going easy with other foreigners, too. I will say for them that they are very reasonable and sensible about the thing. They realize that we have made wonderful strides in boxing in this country and easily lead the world in all divisions.

"They know that it would be fatal for them to rush into a match with some fighter who would score over them. They want to prevent a recurrence of the experiences of Mascart, who killed his chances by rushing into tough fights which meant little to him.

"Every opportunity will be given to foreign boxers, but every safeguard will be built up for the public. This is not an altruistic attitude but a plan to prevent the invasion from abroad from collapsing through faulty generalship."

While Persson is on this side there is another champion of Europe at home. He is Paolino Uzcudun, the Basque Woodchopper. Persson gained his claim to the title by knocking out Phil Scott, heavyweight champion of England, in the eleventh round before the National Sporting Club of London. For ten rounds Scott, who is a fair boxer, had the fight on points. But in the eleventh Persson started one from the floor and down went Phil for the full count.

THIS made Persson the champion of Europe with some folks over there, and the champion of England and Sweden with others. Paolino got his title from Spalla, who was recognized after the temporary retirement of Carpentier.

Paolino has refused to fight Persson and there are thousands of fight followers on the other side who feel that the big paver from Sweden could fell the woodchopper from the Basque country. But the fact remains that there are two champions of Europe—and it is to be seen whether either is any good.

Persson is big. He stands 6 feet 3 inches in his socks and weighs more than 200 pounds. He is the physical counterpart of Monty Munn. But the American, from what we have seen of him, is fairly fast. Those who have watched Persson in fights tell us that he is slow and needs a lot of teaching in the speedy technique of the ring. However, Firpo was no Mercury, yet he knocked Dempsey out of the ring.

While other foreigners mass in battle array on the American dollar, Carpentier remains on this side and gathers in the dough. Huffman all but stopped the Frenchman. Loughran got the decision over Georges in ten rounds in the Sesqui Centennial stadium in Philadelphia. Indications are that Carpentier should heed the request of Mrs. Carpentier and retire from the ring. He is about through. He still is clever but his punches lack steam and he can't stand a pasting. He never could, for that matter.

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Jim Corbett Tells of "The Hardest Battle He Ever Had, Ever Saw, or Ever Heard of"

By RIPLEY

World Famous Cartoonist and Sports' Critic

IT was the hardest battle and also one of the greatest and most wonderful in the annals of the game, so great and wonderful, in fact, that you all probably have heard of it before—that famous battle on the barge when Jim Corbett fought Joe Choynski. It was the hardest battle Corbett ever had, or ever saw, he says—or ever heard of. Choynski says the same.

That battle which the 28th round brought to a close that hot and sultry July day in 1889 really started five years before. For five years this fight raged like a volcano in the breasts of these two San Francisco lads, erupting now and then and spreading ruin in the form of flying fists. Five times they fought desperately, viciously, and unsatisfactorily, and although the fifth and deciding battle, the battle of the barge, is regarded as the hardest, yet the hardest battle should comprise all five of them.

Corbett and Choynski were born and raised in San Francisco, within a few blocks of one another, in that section of the city known as Hayes Valley. Both Corbett's brother and Choynski's brother worked in the City Hall. One day an argument arose between the brothers. It seemed that Choynski was telling about the prowess of his young brother Joe as a boxer, and Corbett was speaking of his kid brother Jim, who, he allowed, was some scrapper himself.

Anyway, the discussion grew so warm that the next night all concerned met in the Corbett's barn, where Young Joe and Jim were to settle their brothers' dispute. It was to be merely a boxing match, but you know how such affairs are—it was soon a fight, and a hard one, too.

It was the first time that the two lads had ever seen each other; strangely, too, as they had both grown up in a five-block radius from Laguna and Hayes streets in 'Frisco.

Jim backed up his brother's boast in good style, whipping Joe in six rounds after a terrific tussle.

The boys, now bitter enemies, never met again for about a year. One day with a party of friends they came across each other while strolling about the sand hills out toward the Cliff House. Again they fought, and again Corbett won, but not without a mighty struggle.

Again the period of a year rolled by. In the meantime the boys had joined athletic clubs; Corbett was a member of the Olympic Club and Choynski belonged to the Golden Gate A. C. The Olympic Club gave an amateur boxing show, and Corbett, their star member, was matched to meet the champion of the Golden Gate A. C., Joe Choynski, in the star bout.

This was their first ring battle, and as before, Corbett won—won in the third round of the best fight the club ever saw.

Then Joe turned professional. His success was astounding, and he won several victories from the best men they had on the Coast with ridiculous ease. Corbett was urged to turn professional also, but his father protested strenuously.

Then the newspapers took up the cry, and soon hot words were passing between Jim and Joe via the sporting pages. Joe threatened to lick Jim on sight, if not otherwise. These taunts were too much for the elder Corbett, and one day he told Jim to turn professional or anything else he liked to as long as he gave Joe a whipping.

They were matched and the boys were happy. Jim was glad of the chance to vindicate himself, and Joe was even more joyous over the opportunity to avenge himself of his past defeats at his rival's hand.

The boys were given their chance in an old barn across the bay about half way between Sausalito and San Rafael, far away from police interference, (they thought) as boxing had been ruled against in California at that time.

Those in the "know" attended the battle in carriages, and what a crowd "knew!"

The promoters of the contest talked it over and decided that the safest and sanest plan would be to collect all the handy hardware that was concealed around the back pockets of that very self-confident audience.

They did.

Corbett, dressing in a near-by farmhouse, was surprised to see a man with his two arms stacked to his eyebrows, with guns, dirks and daggers, stagger into his dressing-room and throw them on the bed. It was quite a shock to his already taut nerves, but it did not affect his fighting qualities, for he was giving Joe a lacing when the police, who in some way became wise to the affair, broke into the barn and stopped the fight in the sixth round.

Corbett and Choynski escaped with their lives and gloves, and it was arranged that they meet again six days later and finish it out. Just six days hence they all met at the little town of Benicia, about an hour's ride from 'Frisco. At this city the trains to San Francisco are ferried across the Sacramento River on barges. One of these barges was chartered, and with every one on board, it moved to the centre of the river.

When Referee Patsy Hagen brought them to the centre of the ring. Choynski wore no gloves.

"Where are your gloves?" said Corbett.

"I don't know," replied Joe. "They were lost in escaping the police in the barn."

But let Gentleman Jim tell it himself:

"It made me angry—I saw through it all now. You see, I had severely hurt the knuckles of my right hand in the fight in the barn, and in some way Choynski's seconds had found it out, and, thinking to make it a bare-knuckle fight, had tied Choynski's gloves to a stone and tossed them overboard.

"I'll fight you wearing gloves and allow you your bare knuckles," I said. This sounded as though I was giving Joe the better of it, but in reality I was not. I would not have been able to use

my right hand at all if it was not incased in a glove.

"Then someone in the crowd gave Joe a pair of riding gloves—to comply

Jim Corbett

with the law he said. Choynski drew these on and the battle started.

"We started fast—furious, it was—and I had all the better of it. I was hurting him badly when I injured my already broken knuckles in the fourth round. This gave me only one hand—my left.

"I jabbed and jabbed as he came in wickedly and defiantly. He was stronger than I was and could hit harder. I was a little taller and he was a little heavier, weighing 166 lbs. to my 164.

"We were both in the prime of youth at the age that meant so much to both of us—the turning point of life. We were rivals, enemies, and intensely ambitious. Throbbing courage and defiance—such a thing as backing up or giving in in the slightest degree couldn't enter our minds. And here we were in the great struggle. We both realized it; it was a battle to a finish—to death, if needs be—and we knew it, and so knowing, fought with all the desperate courage of that vigorous animal of youth that is in us all.

"My broken hand made it an even thing, and then, too, he seemed to be able to reach me with those seamed buckskin gloves of his that left three long parallel marks every time they landed. We were a horrible sight. My jabbing cut him terribly, and he kept me bleeding profusely always.

"In the fourteenth round I hit him a straight left that landed on his head. It broke my thumb, and the pain was excruciating. At the same time Joe caught me a wicked left on my eye that cut and closed it. Everything turned black—I thought I was gone. Even my own brother, who was in my corner, saw me staggering round to what he thought was certain defeat. Covering his face with his hands, he broke through the mob and sobbingly sought a corner of the barge.

"Discovering my brother gone, my other brother was frantic. Catching sight of him at a far corner of the boat, he ran over to him and, grabbing him roughly, wanted to know what the matter was.

"I can't stand to see him lose," he sobbed.

"My other brother was furious.

"That's the time you ought to be there if he is going to lose," he shrieked and walloped him on the eye.

"Then there were two fights raging at once.

"Well, I managed to last the round out by stalling, and as my scattered senses came straggling back, I was conscious of a murmured prayer. At first I thought it was myself; then as my gear grew clearer I could hear someone in the audience repeating the Lord's Prayer over and over again. I looked and saw a little Irishman, with eyes closed tight, praying for me as

Joe Choynski

hard as he could. Tom Riley, I hope you are doing well.

"With both hands gone, all I could do was to hit him with my wrists and forearms. I fought the last half of the battle in this fashion.

"It was in this manner that I crashed against his jaw in the agonizing twenty-eighth round, and it was over at last. Along with the referee I counted him out—Joe Choynski, the greatest fighter that never became champion!"

THE TWO GIANTS OF THE RING—PETER JACKSON VS. FRANK SLAVIN

(*Continued from page* 6)

I was timekeeper when Slavin fought Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, at the Central Hall, Holborn, now the Stadium, on May 20, 1895. The Australian knocked the negro out in one round with a back-hander.

He missed him with his right hand and brought it back and hit him with the knuckles fairly and squarely on the chin.

The Coffee Cooler dropped on his face, and when they picked him up the resin on the floor gave him the appearance of Chirgwin, the White-eyed Kaffir. "Pony" Moore, the famous ministrel, was so delighted at Slavin's success that he jumped into the ring and kissed him on the cheek.

For some years Slavin had the "Rose and Crown," a pub in Jermyn Street, but I am afraid his hospitality interfered with his business.

DURING the war a kilted soldier called to see me at the club; a "Scottish soldier," said the page-boy. It was Frank Slavin, grinning like a goblin.

His glengarry cap was too small for him. It sat on his head like a lid. He looked a comical figure; funnier even than Harry Lauder at his gawkiest. But there was no mistaking Slavin in any guise.

I took him to the Eccentric Club, where he received an ovation. He gave an oration of great duration. We thought he would never leave off, and nobody volunteered to get him off.

Slavin is now enjoying good health in his home in Vancouver, where he is a highly respected citizen.

Stanislaus Loayza the Earle Sande of Chilean Turf Before Gaining the Fistic Limelight

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

IT will surprise readers of THE RING to learn that Stanislaus Loayza, reigning sensation in the lightweight division, was the Earl Sande of the Chilean turf before he enlisted in the ranks of the manly art of self defense. He piloted many thoroughbreds to victory and brought his riding career to a close by winning the 1921 Iquique Derby, which compares favorably with our Preakness, Belmont Stakes and Kentucky Derby.

The tawny skinned lad from below the Isthmus was not raised to be a prize fighter by his half-bred Indian mother and Basque-Spanish father. They were happy over the success their young valiant son had achieved in the saddle. His salary in addition to "cuts" from purses kept the family on Easy Street.

Loayza comes from a good fighting stock. He has blood in his veins from the Araucan Indians and Conquistadores—the former were never conquered by the whites—hence his natural instinct to fight from the drop of the hat.

THE life story of Loayza has all the Horatio Alger tales lashed to the mast. It is one of the most colorful drama ever uncovered. Makes your blood fairly sizzle.

Bear with us for the slight interruption.

South America has a champion in the making in Loayza. While the Argentine was disappointed because Luis Firpo didn't bring back with him the world heavyweight crown, Chile is waxing enthusiastic over the rapid strides made by its little countryman in quest of the lightweight title. Another Chilean, Luis Vicentini, made a Herculean stab but he went back unceremoniously.

Loayza is a horse of another color, so to speak. He is 100 per cent improvement over Vicentini. He has speed, grit and gameness—unbeatable combination—to carry him to the dizzy heights of the 135-pound class.

His greatest feat in America was accomplished a month ago when he trounced Jack Bernstein in ten one-sided rounds. Unlike most of his other opponents, the Chilean panther made the Yonkers tortoise crawl out of his shell and lash out now and then with his long left. But in close, Loayza caused Jack to wish he had never signed to fight him.

Round after round Stanislaus chased Bernstein hither and thither, raining left hooks to the body and right hand smashes to the nose and face. Jack couldn't fathom the blizzard of blows to save his life. As early as the fifth stanza the betting gentry that had laid 1 to 3 on Bernstein saw their money going up in smoke.

To add insult to injury Loayza dropped Bernstein in the ninth round and the crowd raised a din. Loayza's weaving tactics befuddled the "smart" Bernstein.

LADY Luck deserted Loayza in the final contest of the New York State Athletic Commission's tournament to obtain a successor to Benny Leonard. Tommy White and Cirilian Olano fell before the flailing fists of the sturdy Chilean. Jimmy Goodrich had eliminated Eddie (Kid) Wagner, K. O. Jeagle, Benny Valger and Sammy Mandell in the order named. The crowd was tense as Goodrich and Loayza squared off. Victory meant fame and fortune to either gladiator. Benny's mythical diadem was dangling before their eyes.

At the tap of the first gong they went at it hammer and tongs. Bedlam broke loose after the first few terrific exchanges. Breaking from a clinch Loayza's right foot tripped him to the resin canvas. He got up in a flash, but the damage had been done.

An irreparable injury caused him to grit his teeth in pain. Suddenly Loayza broke down. It was not until the first minute of the second round when the referee intervened that it became known the gritty foreigner had fractured a fibula bone in his right leg. He fought with one leg for nearly three minutes and despite excruciating and convulsory pain he gave such an exhibition of bravery and courage that made him a hero in defeat.

We may never have the privilege of witnessing such a sight of gameness again. Loayza lost his biggest chance but he made many new friends and became the greatest card in New York.

THE man responsible for bringing the colorful scrapper all the way from Chile to exhibit his wares in this country is Louis Bouey, who is engaged in the wholesale tobacco trade. The gentlemanly Bouey is Loayza's real manager. He resides at No. 1524 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn.

Bouey got his first glimpse of Loayza in the summer of 1924. Bouey saw him knock out Antonio Salas, his erstwhile teacher, in four rounds for the featherweight championship. Loayza's style and his hitting impressed Bouey so much that he lost no time advising the youngster to pack up and take the first boat for these United States.

"I saw in him the makings of a champion," reminisced Bouey. "I never dreamt that I was going to become a manager of fighters. I knew I had a bargain in Loayza, and I also appreciated the fact that club fighters like him were all the rage in America."

Bouey first saw the light of day at Iquique, Chile, on May 7, 1903, which makes him twenty-three years of age.

Here is Bouey's line on Loayza's early career:

"LOAYZA attended school. At a very early age he showed a marked inclination for all kinds of sports and he soon became the champion sprint of the school. When he was still very young he left his school to enter in line with the breadwinners of the family. Although he worked he still kept on taking part in athletic competitions and he distinguished himself as a very remarkable soccer player.

"Stanislaus developed a love for horses and from his early youth he was fond of loafing in his spare moments about the race track. He always tried

to be useful around, just for the love of being among the horses. Finallly he was permitted to take a mount for a trial. He was a success.

"The jockeys at Iquique were a tough lot and in consequence Loayza often had fights with them. With them it was a question of the survival of the fittest and Loayza won most of his battles. But the event that really shoved Loayza into the boxing game happened as follows:

"Stanislaus loved to walk his favorite horse and while doing so one good day, a fly stung the hind quarters of the thoroughbred. The horse turned suddenly and started to kick in all directions. A kick caught Loayza on the right side of the jaw and impressed there a scar that will stay there as long as he lives. The kick carried such a tremendous force that he was thrown ten feet away. To the admiration of all observers Loayza kept his senses and got up immediately, though bleeding profusely from an awfully looking deep gash.

"THIS happening started Loayza in the boxing game. Everybody advised him to become a boxer in view of the ability he demonstrated to 'take it.' He had always had a hidden desire to become a boxer and he decided to join the Hriberto Rojas Club. There he took his first lessons from Antonio Salas, who afterwards became the featherweight champion of Chile. He impressed favorably in his workouts and soon was offered a preliminary bout of four rounds.

"Stanislaus emerged victorious by a knockout. He was given another opportunity and he again disposed of his opponent via the dreamland route. He fought his third and last preliminary winning the decision on points. He fought his fourth as a stellar attraction. He fought in all nineteen times, and won them all, three on points and sixteen by kayoes. Then followed his victorious stand against Salas."

Bouey and Loayza arrived in New York in November, 1924. Bouey didn't know the ropes but he had sense enough to look up Tex Rickard in the old Madison Square Garden. The Chilean celebrated his American debut by whipping Moe Ginsberg in four rounds.

In his second start the foreigner upset the dope by defeating Johnny Rocco. He stopped Benny Levine in two rounds, and whipped Rocco in a return bout.

Loayza went to Albany where he walloped the daylights out of Eddie Pauhlhus beat Alf Simmons, kayoed Aramis De Pino in four stanzas, and convinced the skeptics that he was a diamond in the rough by taking the measure of the rough, tough Pete Hartley and Lou Paluso in twelve sessions each. After his victory over Paluso New York experts were forced to sing the Chilean's praises.

THE injury sustained in the Good-scrap forced Loayza to lay in a hospital for several months. We saw him on crutches. But it didn't take him long to get back in old time form as soon as the doctors gave him permission to resume training.

Fifteen thousand 'fanatics' saw Loayza and Phil McGraw stage one of the bitterest duels seen in a blue moon. It was such a thrilling fight that the Catholic Big Sisters' benefit promoters lost no time rematching them. Another monster crowd saw them continue where they had left off. The officials agreed on a draw. But the licking Stanislaus gave McGraw in the second fight softened the Detroit Greek, so much so that Eddie (Kid) Wagner, who had been practically relegated to the scrap heap, came along and whipped him.

Bouey revealed the fact that during his stay in this country Loayza's parents passed into the Great Beyond. Of all the dear ones, he has only two little sisters whom he is educating now.

In twenty-six fights in this country Loayza lost only one, and that was the unlucky break he got in the Goodrich fracas. He has triumphed in sixteen all to a decision, and scored eight knockouts.

Having ruined Bernstein as a card Loayza is anxious to get a shot at Sid Terris. Of course, he craves action with the head of his class, but he feels that he must surmount the Terris obstacle to force the champion into a match.

Loayza is a fighter every inch of him. The more work Bouey gets him the better he likes it. He dislikes idleness.

"I don't think Terris has as yet been put to the acid test," Bouey told the writer one day. "It'll take a boy like Loayza to bring out everything he has. I am not talking out of my turn when I say that my boy will make Terris jump over the top rope. I know Sid will not hurt him. If any boy ever hurts Loayza then be prepared to see one heluva fight.

"Other boys who are clamoring for a championship shot are not barred. Stanislaus fears no man in the world, and still others can come in ten to fifteen pounds heavier if they like."

Loayza is a teetotaler. He does not smoke. He has never tasted liquor. His foremost thought has always been the practise of physical culture. Personally he is a very modest little gentleman. His greatest pleasure is to sit in at the movies. He has no favorite screen star. They all look alike to him.

If he wins the championship Loayza will return to his home for a short stay, and perhaps bring back with him his darling sisters to give them an American education.

Loayza is a thrifty lad. He has accumulated a nice bank account.

THE CALL

By BOB VANSTONE

WE'RE calling you Jack, calling you back
To the old virile life that you led
In the days not so old, when your God was not gold
And your pride in your Art was not dead.
To the days when your name, and your prowess, and fame
Were broadcast on the winds o' the West
And you started your climb, to the heights sublime
Meeting and beating the best.

* * * * *

BUT you've shed your glove, and you've wed your love
And you've honeymooned over the sea,
And you've fixed your nose, and assumed a pose
In the movie industry.
And you've canned your guide, and flayed the hide.
Of the Czars of the Empire State,
And you've learnt to talk, and you've learnt to balk,
And your favorite word is 'wait.'

* * * * *

SO we call you Jack, we call you back;
Back to the hempen square,
Ready and rough to do your stuff
With your old time fighting flare.
We'll forget the past if you come at last
To swing and hook and jar
Scrappin' like hell from the clang o' the bell
Like the fighting man you are.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing. Its progressive policy has gained for it thousands of readers.

My Hardest Fight

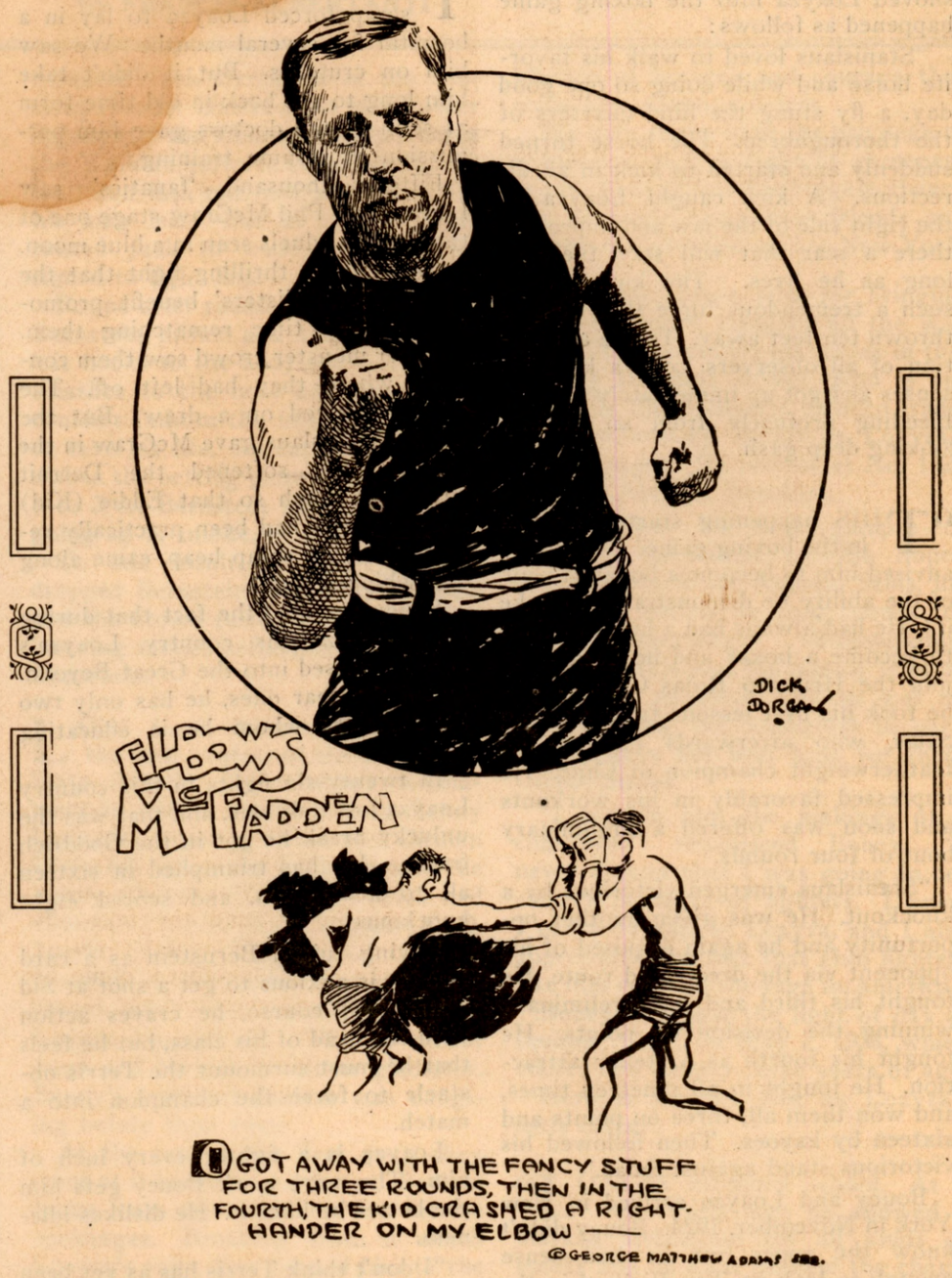
"Elbows" McFadden, One of the Greatest of Oldtimers, Says Kid Lavigne and "Jack" O'Brien Gave Him Toughest Battles

By GEORGE ("ELBOWS") McFADDEN

I MAY say, without boast, that I was never really hurt in any of my 392 ring battles over a stretch of twenty years. Sometimes I think I am fighting my toughest bouts right now in my gymnasiums teaching novices. It's no cinch taking on a batch of fresh young 'uns every day. They try their hardest to knock you out with every swing. You're bound to catch some of their wild ones now and then.

But to get back to my active days in the ring. I repeat that none of my opponents ever had me woozy. That goes for all of them—Joe Gans, Kid Lavigne, Frank Erne, Dal Hawkins, Kid McPartland or Jack Daly. My elbows saw to it that their elbows stayed away from my chin. Therefore it is rather difficult for me to name any particular bout as my hardest. They were all on about the same level—and don't think any of them were soft.

Two fights I had twenty-five years ago stand out more vividly in memory than all the rest—if that means they were my toughest. I shall never forget my strugle with Kid Lavigne on October 6, 1899. It ended with the Michigan gamester on the floor in the nineteenth round. It was the first time he had ever been knocked out. And less colorful than some of my other fights though it undoubtedly was, my twenty-five round draw with Jack O'Brien on May 1 of the following year has left an indelible imprint on my mind.



"I GOT AWAY WITH THE FANCY STUFF FOR THREE ROUNDS, THEN IN THE FOURTH, THE KID CRASHED A RIGHT-HANDER ON MY ELBOW —"

©GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS 1926.

LAVIGNE, known as the Saginaw Kid, had just been outpointed for the lightweight title by the flashy Frank Erne when I met him. The Kid was without a doubt the hardest hitting lightweight the ring has ever seen. He could hit like a heavyweight, and I was completely satisfied as to the truth of this before the battle had progressed very far.

I tried to experiment with Lavigne in the early rounds of our fight. I thought that perhaps I could stand and slug with Lavigne. I came to the conclusion that this would never do in the very first session. Two left hooks to my body convinced me that I was all wrong, so I proceeded to change my tactics and outbox the socking Kid.

I got away with the fancy stuff for three rounds, until Lavigne realized he was on the way to being outpointed. In the fourth he tore in after me with all his famed fury. He couldn't reach my chin because my elbow was in front of it. He did the next best thing and aimed a terrific right-hander at my unsuspecting arm. The crusher landed squarely at the point of my elbow and paralyzed it completely for the next four rounds. It began to swell, and after the bout I was compelled to slit the sleeve of my coat to get my poor arm into it.

The Kid made another desperate rally in the seventh. Once more he was unable to get to my face. The top of my head was the only unprotected spot on my body. He came down on my crown with his right like a ton of bricks. The blow, strange to say,

didn't seem to dull my wits any. Only I was sure I was walking on air for nearly the rest of the fight. It was a peculiar sensation. My head felt like a balloon, yet I knew what I was doing all the time.

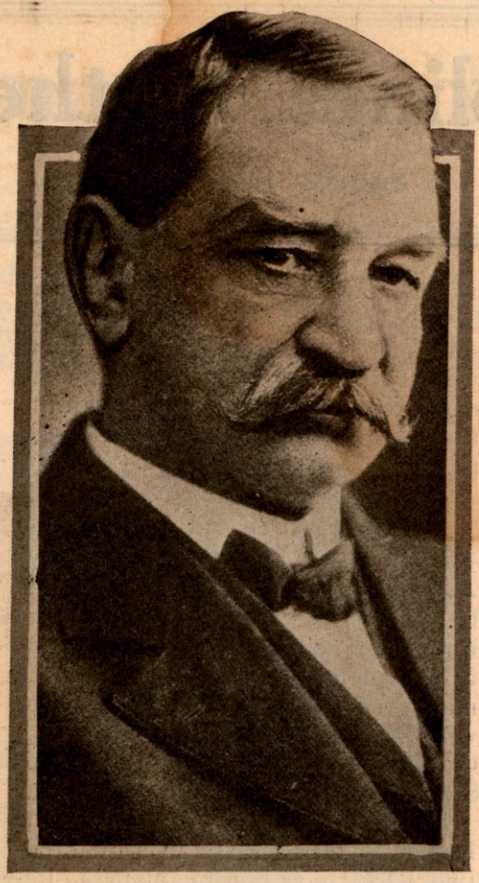
LAVIGNE, battling like a wild man, landed his last telling punch on me early in the seventeenth round, which was the beginning of the end for him. Early in that period he got over a beautiful right cross to my chin. My knees trembled for an instant, but I replied with a short right to the former champion's head. It dropped him for a count of three. That punch was the one which really beat the Kid.

He was slowed up considerably when he came out for the eighteenth, but I was unable to knock him off his pins. When the bell rang for the next round it was apparent that Lavigne was nearly through, but he battled as gamely as ever. After a half-minute of fighting I dropped him with a right to the jaw. He disdained a count, but it took three seconds for him to get back on his feet. Again and again the lion-hearted fighter from Michigan sank to the canvas under a fusillade of blows to his head. He was dropped six times in all before Referee Johnny White finally counted him out.

Kid Lavigne was the hardest hitter and gamest fighter I ever stacked up against.

SEVEN months later I was matched to box Jack O'Brien, tagged "New York," although he originally hailed from Nova Scotia. This bout, like my scorcher with Lavigne, was also staged at the old Broadway A. C., located on Broadway just below Eighth street. O'Brien was not the best fighter I had faced. Gans was a better boxer and Lavigne a harder hitter. But no one ever made me step the way that boy did that night. He kept boring in, crouched like a cat ready to spring, for every single second of the scrap. He was perpetual motion itself. There wasn't a single clinch or knockdown in the whole battle. It was just go, go, go, all the way. That's what made it so trying. The great crowd which jammed the old arena marveled at our ability to keep up the pace.

Come to think of it, there was just one halt to the otherwise incessant milling. It came in the fifth round. I had knocked out one of Jack's gold teeth with a left hook, and O'Brien, very proud of his metal molars, of which he had plenty, stopped deliberately, picked up the tooth with his gloved hand and deposited it in his



George Siler, one of the greatest of old time referees whose memory will live on forever in fistic circles.

corner. I stood by, grinning, until he had completed this operation.

FOR some reason or other, O'Brien aimed every punch for my body. As a result he fought in a crouch throughout the bout, and since his head was the part of his body nearest me, I kept pounding away at it. He took an awful beating around the face. At the end of the battle his left ear drum was found to be punctured, while his nose, mouth and eyes told the tale of his unwillingness to stand up and box.

That bout took a great deal out of O'Brien. Three months later I met him again, this time at the old Madison Square Garden, and stopped him in twelve rounds. I staved in two of his ribs in that session with a righthand punch. He came out for the thirteenth, but instead of assuming a fighting pose, he extended his right hand as a symbol of surrender. His face bore a look of pain and he was unable to stand up straight.

A change of tactics had something to do with Jack's defeat in our second meeting. It seemed that he had come to the conclusion after our first bout that there was no sense in trying to reach my body and leaving his face open to my attack. So when we faced each other again he tried to play for my head, forcing me to alter my style, too. But I got the better of the exchange, for my ribs proved to be stronger than his.

SPORTS

By ROBERT HAYWARD

IN country towns, in city crowds,
In valleys, hills and dales;
I've seen them shoot, and fish and ride,
O'er many distant trails.

I'VE soared into the airy space,
Played tennis near and far;
And sailed the ship, o'er briny deep,
Beneath the evening star.

INSCRIBE these sports on emblems rare,
Unfurl them to the breeze;
Majestically they'll ride the winds,
O'er mountains, roads and seas.

BUT lo! atop the mast there flies, flies,
As regal as a king,
An emblem, paramount in sports,
The roped and padded "RING."

In Our Question Box

A friend of the family, Philadelphia.

Q.—Did Eddie (Kid) Wagner whip Phil McGraw in the new Garden recently?

A.—Yes.

Jersey fan, Palisade Park, N. J.

Q.—Is Charley Weinert ever going to fight again?

A.—Yes. He left for the Coast a day or two ago to box a flock of heavies in California.

James Palladino, New York City.

Q.—What kind of a fighter is Vic Burrone?

A.—Club fighter.

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Ramblings in the Ring

By "JAW"

THE history of the prize ring is replete with heart-breaking incidents of fighters who, no matter what amount of money they may have accumulated during the period of their success, died penniless.

Some striking examples can be found in the lives of John Gully, John Morrissey, Yankee Sullivan, Jem Mace, Tom Hyer, John C. Heenan, Tom Sayers, Billy Perry, Mike McCool, Joe Coburn, Ned O'Baldwin, Billy Edwards, Arthur Chambers, John L. Sullivan, George Dixon, Terry McGovern, Young Griffo and many, many others.

John Morrissey of America and John Gully of England, the most famous pugilists of their time, both acquired great wealth and the latter upon his retirement from the ring served two terms as a member of parliament. Gully's bank account dwindled, however, and for some years he was haunted by the fear that he would "die in the work-house." Morrissey, who at one time was worth $2,000,000, tried unsuccessfully to buck the Wall Street tiger and he was head-over-heels in debt when he died in 1878.

Heenan Made a Fortune

JOHN C. Heenan, the "Benica Boy," made a fortune in the ring, but lost it all when his gambling house failed. Sickness followed, and when still a young man he died of consumption. The fate of his gallant rival, Tom Sayers, was just as tragic, for the Englishman squandered all his money and died in great poverty at Camden Town, near London, on Nov. 8, 1865.

Mike McCool, once known as the "King of St. Louis," finished up penniless, and Joe Coburn and Tom Hyer, two other champions of America, also left not a cent when they passed away. Poor old Jem Mace was often "on the rocks" but his friends held "benefits" for him time and again, so that he never learned to realize the value of a dollar.

Art Chambers, Philadelphia's leading knight of the gloves, had an $85,000 bank account at one time, but he tried to beat the races and lost every cent he possessed. Looking at the handsome purses his successors to the lightweight title were receiving, Chambers once remarked somewhat tragically that he was "born twenty-five years too soon."

* * *

When Fitz Turned Grappler

BOB FITZSIMMONS, former heavyweight champion, at one time was bitten by the wrestling bug. Some time after he had vanquished gallant Nonpareil Jack Dempsey in 1891, Fitz met Joe Acton in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match at the Occidental Club, San Francisco, for a purse of $1,000.

Bob won the first fall but the "Little Demon" came back and won the other two, which gave him the match. Fitzsimmons was very disappointed over his defeat.

* * *

Story of Frank Slavin

THE life story of Frank P. Slavin, unquestionably one of the greatest Australian fighters of all time, reads like a fairy tale. During his romantic career the "Sydney Cornstalk" enjoyed more unusual experiences than any other pugilist who ever crawled between the ropes.

Slavin was born at Maitland, N. S. W., on June 15, 1861. When a youth he learned much about boxing from old Larry Foley, and soon made a name for himself. In 1889 he came to England and issued a sweeping challenge to all heavyweights, which was immediately accepted by Bill (Chesterfield) Goode, who was really only a middle. They met in October and the big, raw-boned Antipodean clearly proved his superiority over the smaller man, knocking him out in the fifth round.

Goode's gang staged a riot after the fight and Slavin and his party might have fared badly had it not been for the timely assistance of Charley Mitchell.

Battle With Jem Smith

SLAVIN clashed with Jem Smith, who had fought Jake Kilrain a 106 round draw in 1887, at Bruges, Belgium on Dec. 23, 1889, and gave him a sound beating, though Joe Vesey, who refereed, called it a draw when the crowd became unruly in the fourteenth round. The outrageous conduct of Smith's party, who during the progress of the battle struck and kicked at Slavin every time he came near the ropes, was a black-eye for the boxing game.

Finally the referee refused to remain on the ground, as he said it was impossible to secure fair play. This occurrence gave rise to the story that Slavin was killed, in this way. A dispatch sent from the battleground concluded with the sentence—"Referee refused to stay to see Slavin killed." Somehow the word "see" was entirely omitted in the course of transmission over the wires, and the statement that reached the newspaper office read thus: "Referee refused to stay. . . Slavin killed." This announcement was cabled to America, and it was some hours before the sporting public were given the correct information.

Beat Joe McAuliffe

THE next year Slavin hung a wet towel on the championship aspirations of Joe McAuliffe, Billy Madden's giant, and in 1891 came to America and handed Jake Kilrain a slashing in nine rounds. A meeting with the negro wonder, Peter Jackson, was inevitable, and they crossed gloves at the National Sporting Club, London, on May 20, 1892. Paddy had no chance against his powerful opponent and was put away in the tenth frame.

After this Slavin was never so good. He knocked out the gum-chewing "Cooffee Cooler," Frank Craig, in 1895, and later won from Jake Kilrain, but Jim Hall, Bob Armstrong and Joe Butler all whipped him, and in his last ring engagement, on Dec. 7, 1907, at Victoria, B. C., where he now resides.

* * *

BACK in the early 90's there was a tough young bantamweight named Johnny Van Heest. He never was a champion, but had a large following because he always kept fighting and his poison poke made him dangerous as long as he was on his feet.

(*Continued on page* 15)

The Human Side of Boxing

By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

THERE undoubtedly exists what is known as the human side of all things, and this is even more in evidence in boxing than in any other sport. In running, swimming, and equally popular forms of athletics, the human appeal is not nearly so strong as in boxing. In boxing, the human note is present throughout a contest.

The appeal to the softer side of the onlooker is ever present. There is no sport in which the feeling of sympathy for the loser is greater than in pugilism. The underdog, so to speak, is ever in receipt of sympathetic applause. The very act of striking a fellow-being is full of pathos for the average person, so much so that should the blow cause suffering, the appeal to our softer senses is all the more acute. Here the sympathetic string is attuned to its highest pitch, and its shrieking note loosens our heart.

For example, let two boys have a foot race, and this act creates but the passive interest of an uncertainty. There is cheering, a few moments of wild applause if the race is close and the excitement is over. The race may be a thriller, yet how seldom does one review that contest with the fervidness that invariably accompanies the after description or discussion of a keen boxing bout.

BUT let those same two boys engage in a street fight, and at once all hearts are agog. The human note is awakened to all kinds of possibilities. The very spectacle of two beings engaged in a fistic warfare arouses the primitive instinct within us, and we are throbbing with that passionate desire to let our emotions run riot.

"Go on, little 'un!" shouts one. "What a shame!" cries another. "Let 'em fight it out!" shouts a third; while a fourth strives to put an end to the conflict. The emotions are aroused to a high pitch and the sympathetic sentiment is present to the highest degree. The desire to see the thing through is augmented by the desire to see the under-dog triumph.

Frenchmen are naturally highly strung, and the watching of contests affords them a valve, as it were, for the "letting off" of that suppressed nervous energy. But the Frenchmen have nothing on the Americans who feel their blood tingling as they behold two well matched boys face each other in a supreme test of muscle and pluck.

As Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey are giving Young Bob Fitzsimmons the careful once over, their thoughts drifts back to the days when Bob's dad raised havoc with both Jim and Tom.

BOXING is not for the coward nor for him whose nature is of the effeminate. The very fact of a thing being fraught with physical discomfort calls only for those whose hearts are hung in the right place. It appeals to the man who, knowing the personal sacrifices that boxing demands, is ready to open up his own heart to the men who practice it. If all this does not suggest a leveling up of human sympathies, then what more is necessary?

In melodrama the "hero" who knocks down half a dozen "ruffians" with a punch is hailed by the audience as a demi-god. Such an action calls for unstinted approval. Thunderous applause greets the "leading man" whose fistic prowess has, theatrically speaking, perhaps won him a bride. And yet many of the very men and women who will applaud these wonderful pugilistic accomplishments when enacted on a stage, are among the first to decry in its real state.

Boxing needs no defense. It is truly the red-blooded man's sport and the faint-hearted had better not patronize it.

RING RAMBLINGS

(*Continued from page* 14)

A good story of Van Heest's punching power was once told by George Siddons, who met defeat at "the dwarf's" hands. "He came at me," said Siddons, "and, getting in on me, would say, 'Dat's de way Jackson hits.'

Again he would land, and, falling short, would say, 'Dat's one of yours.' 'Here's one from Fitzsimmons' left,' he would cry, jolting my head almost off my shoulders. 'Here's one of Sullivan's righters,' and in on the ribs he would crush with the force of a sledge. Every time he got in I felt my teeth rattle. Finally in the last round, his face beaming with smiles, he shouted: 'Dis is one o' Van Heest's. He swished that long, reachy right hand about and landed it full on my heart. When I came to they told me that I had lost the fight."

Old Stuff in London

AN old London newspaper furnishes the following:

"At the Boarded House in Marybone Fields, to Morrow being Thursday, the 8th Day of August, will be performed an extraordinary Match at Boxing between Joanna Heyfield, of Newgate Market, Basket-Woman, and the City Championess for Ten pounds Note. There has not been such a battle for these 20 Years past, and as these two Heroines are as brave and bold as the ancient Amazons, the Spectators may expect abundance of Diversion and Satisfaction from these Female Combatants. They will mount at the usual hour, and the Company will be diverted with Cudgel playing till they mount. Note a scholar of Mr. Figg, that challenged Mr. Stokes last Summer fights Mr. Stokes' Scholar six bouts at Staff for three Guineas; the first Blood wins. The Weather Stopt the Battle last Wednesday."

The Triple Cross

A Tale of the Squared Circle—Part III. (Completed)

By FRANK GRAHAM

LATER in the day, Hooks met Clark and Mercer in Dougherty's and with the other diners, who had crowded around their table, listening intently, the three went through the motions of coming to an agreement only after the settlement of sundry important objections voiced by each side. When this was done, Ted Walters was summoned by telephone and he agreed to put the match on at the Hammersville Athletic Club the following Tuesday night. This allowed for four days training for the fighters, which was sufficient, since they were in good condition.

The next day Clark met Hooks by appointment in the lobby of the Hammersville House, ostensibly to complete arrangements for the bout but actually to discuss placing bets on Randolph.

"I'll take care of our end of that," said Hooks. "We've got some fellers comin' down here from Chi Tuesday morning with the dough me and Kelly are goin' to bet and they will spread it around for us. Havin' guys from Chi to do the bettin' will make it look good."

"That's right," agreed Clark. "We got two guys from Braidstown to do our bettin'."

"You got this thing plain, haven't you?" asked Hooks. "Henry is to dive when Jack hits him with a right on the whiskers in the third."

"Don't worry," Clark assured him. "I'm the baby that wrote this act, you know. And say, tell Randolph to act like a mugg in his trainin' at Styler's and that will help to send the odds up."

Plans Progress Well

THE preliminary plans of the schemers were carried out well. Henry, who went through his training grind in the mornings, battered his sparring partners without mercy and made a distinctly favorable impression on the watchers. Randolph, who used the gymnasium in the afternoons, was sluggish, left himself open to the thrusts of his opponents and apparently was very much of a dub, who would stand small chance of beating Henry. Jeff Rigney, Hammersville's criterion in the making of odds, looked at both and pronounced Randolph to be no better than a 3 to 1 shot.

On Tuesday night Bramwell Hall held the largest crowd it had seen since the night of the Marshall-Riley upset. Floor and gallery were jammed and a set of sizzling preliminaries roused the enthusiasm of the spectators to a high pitch for the main event.

Henry was first in the ring, Randolph coming in a moment later. Henry's greeting was loud and long. Randolph's brief and scarcely encouraging.

"Here's another sucker, Joe!" came a cry from the gallery. "Send him back to Chicago on the milk train!"

"I seen him in training," volunteered a leather lunged young man on the main floor, "and he couldn't hit Jumbo the elephant with a handful of marbles!"

Henry More Impressive

THE contrast between the boxers was startling, as, stripped of their bath robes, they stepped under a cluster of lights over the center of the ring to receive their instructions from the referee. Henry, lithe, vigorous, moving about with the nervousness born of a finely trained body and an alert fighting brain, made Randolph appear dull and colorless.

As a matter of fact, Henry looked so good Clark and Mercer were just a wee bit afraid that when the bell rang to send him into action he would forget his cue and, in one of his fighting furies, hammer Randolph to the canvas. They need not have worried. Henry had stifled his vanity that morning in Dougherty's when he accepted the proposal made to him by his managers. Nothing would cause him to swerve from his part in the losing of the fight.

The roar that was turned loose by the crowd as the bell rang and the fighters came out of their corners died away suddenly as the spectators held themselves tense to watch the slaughter of the man from Chicago.

Henry began with a rush, as was his custom. He ripped right and left to Randolph's face, then switched to the body and drove him to the ropes under a stream of stomach punches. Only Henry and Randolph and the men in their corners knew that these punches were so skillfully delivered as to carry no real force.

Randolph Is Floored

RANDOLPH, pressed against the ropes, wrapped his arms about his body and lowered head, forming a pro-

What Was Told In Parts I and II

CLARK and Mercer, managers of boxers in the Middle West and none too particular in their methods, get into jail through over enthusiasm in celebrating the victory of one of their charges.

There they meet Joe Henry, who has been arrested for vagrancy. They like the looks of Henry as a prospective boxer and pay his fine of $30. They give him a tryout in a Chicago gymnasium. Henry proves a grand rough and tumble scrapper and half kills Day, who had been selected as the trial horse.

Clark and Mercer send Henry against half a dozen preliminary fighters and he wins all of his starts. Then they arrange a fake bout with a boxer from Chicago, in which Henry is told to take the count. They bet on the unknown, but ostensibly back Henry to the limit. Henry is told of the plot and at first demurs but finally succumbs to the financial lure.

Now you may go on with the final installment.

tective shell. Henry stepped back and measured him and as Randolph's defense was slowly unwound, shot a right to the jaw. Deadly as it looked, the blow was harmless but Randolph, wavering an instant, went down with a thud.

Henry was dumbfounded as Randolph crashed to the canvas at his feet. What was this? What did it mean? He had been coached to go down under a specified blow in the third round and his money had been wagered on the certainty that he would be knocked out. Nothing had been said about Randolph taking a knockdown in the first round but here he was on the floor, with the referee tolling off the count. Randolph acted as though he had no intention of getting up. His eyes were tightly closed, his body motionless.

"Oh, the big bum!" shrieked a man in a ringside seat. "Get up, you quitter!"

"Poppa! Look at Anette Kellermon! Oh, what a dive!"

"Four—five—six—"

The Conspirators Dumbfounded

IN four seconds the fight would be over, ended far differently from the plan agreed upon. What was he to do? He looked to his corner for advice but looked in vain. Clark and Mercer, their bodies pressed against the ring platform, were gazing round eyed at the prostrate Randolph, their faces an ashen gray.

"Seven—eight—" droned the voice of the referee.

Into Henry's whirling brain popped the half forgotten words of Clark that day in Styler's Gymnasium.

"You can't kick him, neither. If you do—."

Quick as a flash Henry stepped forward and kicked Randolph in the face.

The startled referee grasped Henry by the arm and pulled him away.

"Here, you!" he cried. "Get back to your corner. You're disqualified."

The house was in an uproar as the ring swarmed with handlers, managers, policemen and the officials of the club, who had sprung from their ringside box seats. Clark and Mercer dragged Henry to his corner while Hooks, with the aid of the referee, deposited Randolph on his stool, where he sat, dazed, blood trickling from his mouth and spattering on his chest.

"Fake! Robbers!" cried the crowd, as it struggled and milled round the ring.

In his corner, Henry muttered to his managers.

"Well, I put the bee on your double crossin' friends from Chicago. Now wait a minute and I'll shut this mob up."

ADVANCING to the center of the ring he raised his right hand for silence. For a moment he very nearly was howled down but the time keeper brought the crowd to order by furiously banging his gong. When the tumult died away, Henry spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'm sorry the fight ended the way it did. I lost my head when I saw this fellow wasn't goin' to get up. You paid your money to see a fight and didn't see it. You was sore and so was I and I was near enough to take a kick at him. I'm ready to fight him again, here or anywheres. Thank you."

The crowd was convinced, as crowds can be, by his simple eloquence. There was silence for a moment, then another din, but this time it was a din in which cheers for Henry were mingled with jeers for Randolph. Those who had been loudest in their cries of "Fake!" roared their approval of Henry and hands were stretched forward to shake his as he jumped from the ring, Clark and Mercer at his heels.

Put It Over!

IN the seclusion of their dressing room, when the door had been closed against the jumble of fans, Henry turned to Clark and Mercer.

"I put that over, too, I guess," he said. "We needn't be afraid of Randolph and Hooks. They'll be too busy thinkin' of gettin' out of town and also framin' an alibi when they see Kelly—the dirty crooks!"

Henry, divested of his trunks, gloves and shoes, stepped under a shower bath, and as the glistening torrent fell about him, Mercer grasped Clark by the hand.

"Jerry," he said, softly, "at last we've found a fighter than can think."

"Yeh," agreed Clark. "But look out he don't think too fast for us some day."

THE END

"Mushy" Callahan Went From Newsstand to Ring

MORRIS SCHEER was raised in San Francisco. He left there several years ago a newsboy. Under the fighting name of Mushy Callahan he returned there one of the challengers for the lightweight championship.

High lights in Callahan's meteoric career are the knockouts of Pal Moran in four rounds, and Russie Le Roy in three. "Mushy" is the only one who ever stopped the New Orleans iron man, who took everything Benny Leonard and other great punchers had to offer.

CALLAHAN holds referees' decisions over Ace Hudkins, "Red" Herring, Johnny O'Donnell and Frankie Schaeffer. He also boxed Hudkins a sensational draw. On the occasion of their last meeting, when Callahan won, Mushy set Ace down for a nine count, and fought the last three rounds or so with a broken bone in each hand.

Mushy is an excellent boxer and can punch.

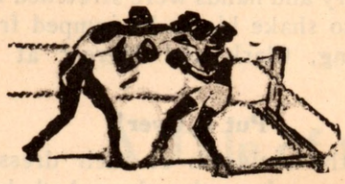
Mushy Callahan was selling newspapers at the corner of Sixth and Main streets in the southern city only a little more than a year ago. He was a bright little business man—affable, pleasant, and made friends easily, as most Jewish boys do.

Under a lamppost he counted his pennies each night—earnings that then sounded like big figures. His clothes were shabby, the soles of his shoes sometimes thin.

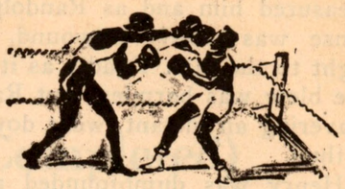
But Mushy was a hustler.

Turn up the hands of the clock today. Callahan has a $50,000 bank roll, and is nationally known as a fighter.

All a Southern California promoter has to do to pack an arena, or ball park, is to match Callahan with most anyone. "Mushy" made his debut in the new Madison Square Garden, New York, a few weeks back when he chased Archie Walker around the ring for 10 rounds.



As We See It



By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor

Mandell Crowned Champion

FOUR championship fights within a period of ten days was the novelty American fight fans were treated to since we last went to press. Louis Kid Kaplan eliminated Bobby Garcia as a championship contender by stopping him in the tenth round in Waterbury; Pete Latzo settled the titular aspirations of Willie Harmon by knocking him out in the fifth round of their bout in Newark, then winning on a foul from Georgie Levine, and Sammy Mandell crowned himself king of the lightweights by gaining the verdict over the veteran Rocky Kansas in a ten-round bout in Chicago.

The lightweight division, one of the most popular in boxing history, thus has its third champion since Benny Leonard vacated the throne to enter into retirement two years ago. Leonard's two successors, Jimmy Goodrich and Kansas far from measured up to the calibre of those who have made that division popular through their fighting ability—Leonard, Joe Gans, Ad Wolgast, Battling Nelson, Young Corbett and others, but in Mandell, the lightweight section is destined to have a better representative than his two immediate predecssors.

Sammy is a clever boy, who with his youth, speed and cleverness, should be able to restore the waning popularity of his class. If Sammy adheres to his decision to fight often and give his rivals a chance to gain the title, he should gain as much wealth as did the popular Benny Leonard.

* * * * *

Latzo a Fighting Champion

PETE LATZO is showing himself to be in the same class with Paul Berlenbach so far as being a real fighting champion is concerned. When Pete won the title from Mickey Walker the fans accustomed to the sidestepping and safe-guarding methods of most other champions, expected the Scranton miner to follow the usual routine of touring the "sticks" meeting "soft ones" and picking up easy money on the stage and in the movies.

But Pete upset the latter-day fistic tradition by picking out the most formidable three of all the men in his class and agreeing to take them on as fast as they could come. Instead of taking advantage of the six months' wait between fights for his title Latzo decided to clean up all opposition inside of six months. So he signed to fight Harmon, Georgie Levine and Joe Dundee one right after the other.

Latzo's knockout of Harmon was a worthy feat for Harmon is a fighter of no mean ability.

* * * * *

Kaplan's Retirement

THE world's featherweight championship is again in a muddle as result of Louis Kid Kaplan's action in uncrowning himself.

Kaplan, who recently tightened his hold on the title by knocking out Bobby Garcia, has announced that he no longer is able to make the weight and like his predecessor, Johnny Dundee, will fight as a lightweight.

The championship thus reverts back to the New York Boxing Commission which awarded it to Kaplan after the elimination tournament following Dundee's abdication. Kaplan had trouble from the very start to make the weight. In fact, when he fought the final bout that brought him the title he seemed exceedingly weak. His retirement from the class should stir the featherweights into action, as the class is full of promising talent.

Mickey Walker's Case

MICKEY WALKER'S days as a fistic luminary are gone. The sturdy Elizabeth, New Jersey, lad who two years ago was dubbed the "Toy Bulldog" because of his pugnacity, was pushed several rungs down the welterweight ladder by Joe Dundee of Baltimore, in their recent fight in Madison Square Garden, where the former world's champion was stopped in the eighth round. True, Mickey was on his feet and fighting mad when Referee Eddie Forbes called a halt to the proceedings, but it was far better for the erstwhile title holder to lose the fight that way, than to continue for two more rounds with the possibility of suffering the humiliation of a defeat through the knockout route. Had the bout continued, Walker might have suffered the loss of his eyesight so badly was he bleeding from a cut artery.

Mickey's fall is pathetic. From an imposing champion who only two years ago was hailed as one of the fistic wonders of the age, he has fallen so rapidly that he now is ranked lower than two of the leading contenders for the crown Mickey lost to Pete Latzo a few months ago.

Just another case of a champion who failed to take care of himself and is now paying the penalty of his folly. Had Mickey trained faithfully, had he fought at least half a dozen times in two years as a real champion would do, Walker not only would now still be wearing his crown but would be picking up more than $100,000 as his share for an outdoor fight.

His big money days are gone, never to return. Just to think that only four months ago Mickey, through his manager, Jack Kearns turned down an offer of $65,000 from Tex Rickard to meet Joe Dundee for the title, and then had to take the worst beating he ever received from this same Dundee for less than $10,000.

A tragic ending for a once great champion!

* * * * *

Another Ring Idol Down

SELDOM has the following of ring affairs been treated to the smashing of two idols in such quick succession as the bringing down of Mickey Walker and Ruby Goldstein. It was bad enough when Pete Latzo stripped Mickey of his title, but to have the "Toy Bulldog" beaten up and stopped in his own bailiwick was rather rubbing it in. Then to have Goldstein knocked out by Ace Hudkins was twisting the weapon about in the wound for Metropolitan boxing enthusiasts.

The downfall of the champion did not hit New York anywhere as nearly as hard as did the stopping of Goldstein. The East Side of New York hoped it had another Benny Leonard in Ruby. It was ready to enshrine him in the place vacated by the great and only Bennah.

But Ruby ran into a left to the stomach, and temporarily, at least, he is forced to the background.

Goldstein is not yet "ripe" for foemen of Hudkins' caliber. If Ruby has the proper fighting stuff and his handlers hold him back a little until he is built up and gains needed training and experience he may yet show himself worthy of the mantle of Benny Leonard.

If Goldstein has a real fighting heart the defeat is likely to do him more good than harm. It will take away some of his cockiness, steady him down and impress upon him that the prize ring is not a primrose path.

Hudkins becomes of age in August and a Hudkins-Terris

match then will be a "natural." And Terris with just as much speed and cleverness as Goldstein and with more experience and ring generalship, is likely to retrieve the Ghetto's lost laurels.

It was inexperience and lack of ruggedness that cost Goldstein the victory.

* * *

Dempsey's Patriotism!

JAMES A. FARLEY, chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission, as staunch a supporter of boxing as can be found anywhere, has come forth with another strong appeal for a Dempsey-Wills battle. This time, instead of directing his words to Dempsey on an argument based on sportsmanship, Farley shifted to an appeal based on patriotism.

Farley apparently is not as well posted on Dempsey's "Patriotism" as are more than a million other boxing followers, otherwise he would not waste his time begging the world's heavyweight champion to come out of his shell for the honor of his country and give a negro a chance.

Dempsey had a wonderful opportunity to display his "Patriotism" during the World war, but his loyalty to the colors consisted in donning a pair of overalls, a pair of patent leather shoes and a bright-colored necktie. A well-fitting checked suit showed beneath the overalls in which he posed for the photographers in the ship yards.

This while several million American boys, many of them physical weaklings compared to the champion, joined the colors. Many fell on the battlefields of France, others were incapicitated, but Jack Dempsey kept his health and enjoyed the freedom of the land and now he is in the millionaire class.

* * *

PATRIOTISM has nothing to do with the Wills-Dempsey match. It is a matter of sportsmanship. From a patriotic angle it doesn't matter to this country whether Dempsey fights Wills or whether he meets Gene Tunney. None of the destinies of the universe hang on the issue.

From a sportsmanship point of view, it does matter, for no champion, were he not afraid of the outcome, would oppose public clamor and continue, in the face of repeated demands, to refuse to meet the one man the world wants him to meet. If Dempsey were confident of himself, and felt that he could whip Wills, he would step right out, answer Harry's challenge, and then proceed as we feel confident he could, to batter his negro challenger into submission.

But while Dempsey raves about being willing to meet anybody else, he continues to evade the real issue,—the fight with Harry Wills.

The matter is one purely of fair play. Patriotism doesn't enter.

* * *

A Rule Without Justification

WHAT are we coming to in the manly art, wails the old timer as he reads, *"THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF CHARLES F. MATHISON, CHIEF OF THE JUDGES, THE NEW YORK STATE BOXING COMMISSION THIS AFTERNOON ADOPTED A RULE WHICH HEREAFTER WILL PREVENT ANY SECOND OR HANDLER OF A BOXER FROM ACKNOWLEDGING DEFEAT BY THROWING A SPONGE OR TOWEL INTO THE RING. THE REFEREE, ACCORDING TO THE NEW RULE, WILL BE THE SOLE JUDGE OF WHETHER A BOXER IS IN FIT CONDITION TO CONTINUE."*

Thus, with one stroke, one of the oldest of boxing habits is wiped off the puglistic map so far as New York is concerned, and from now on, the "token of defeat" will be missing from future ring lore in the Empire State.

From the earliest days of boxing it has been the custom to fling a towel into the ring, and such act of mercy was always recognized by a referee who halted the one-sided contest and awarded the verdict to the beaten gladiator's opponnet. When in the opinion of the man's second, a boxer was helplessly beaten, the towel was heaved into the ring as a messenger of mercy. Instantly, such act of mercy was officially recognized. But never again will the towel be shied into the roped square as a white dove of peace.

Under the new rules, which in the opinion of the writer and many others interested in the future of boxing, is a ridiculous rule and should never have been passed, a second cannot surrender his man. The referee alone will judge his condition.

This undoubtedly will lead to many slaughter matches, as from personal observation, we feel that many referees are too eager to play to the gallery, and for fear of being censured either by the fans or the boxing board, will permit contests to continue which should have been discontinued many rounds previously and still either referees, too excited or too dumb to act of their own volition, will permit a boxer to be shipped into unconsciousness before the bout is stopped. Then again we have still a third class of official, who, in an effort to show sympathy, will show mercy too soon an halt a bout that should have been permitted to go many more rounds.

Thus, considering the rule from all angles, we feel that it will have just the opposite effect on the game that Mr. Mathison, dean of New York sports writers, had predicted for it.

* * *

Gladiators of Another Period

JAMES J. JEFFRIES, James J. Corbett and Tom Sharkey, three heroic figures of a quarter of a century ago, brought back fond memories of many famous fistic encounters when they broke bread at a reunion a few weeks ago in New York City. Old feuds were forgotten as these three stalwarts of the ring, the former boilermaker, bank clerk and sailor boy renewed reminiscences.

Jeffries, now teamed with Sharkey in a vaudeville tour, still retains a great deal of the fighter as does Sharkey, but few looking upon the big form of Corbett, would ever dream that he was the world's heavyweight champion who deposed the great John L. Sullivan.

Both Sharkey and Jeffries have gone through their fortune but Corbett, as popular as ever, has had no difficulty salting away enough for old age. Boxing fans throughout the country are rooting hard for Jeff and his partner, Sailor Boy Tom, to make good, as both were fearless, honest battlers, who never dickered regarding an opponent and never argued about the size of the purse. They were real fighters and as such, gained the respect of the followers of the sport.

* * *

Good-Looking Boxers

THE days of the pickled fists are gone and with their passing has gone the rough and ready type of fighter with his pug nose, cauliflower ears, thick lips and otherwise hardened features. Where the warriors of old carried the full badge of their profession,—scars, tin-ears, and broken noses, proud relics of their period, today one scarcely can distinguish a fighter from a fellow following any other profession.

"Pillow-pushing" that's what the old timer calls the present day scraps and he utters these words with a contemptous twirl of the upper lip.

Scars were batons to these men of old, just as they are to the student of to-day whose duelling prowess is calculated by the number of disfiguring sword marks that adorn his features.

Not for a single moment would one think of associating fellows of the Gene Tunney, Leonard, Ruby Goldstein, Dempsey, Young Stribling and others of the present era with boxing as understood by the puny-minded units of the anti-sport brigade. And yet here is the lie direct to all their teachings. One cannot by the wildest stretch of imagination detect brutality in the finely chiselled features of the majority of young boxers to-day.

Peter Maher Tells His Story

By FRANK GRAHAM

ON the dock in Hoboken, where he is employed, Peter Maher told his story. It is the story of a heavy fisted young man who came here from Ireland thirty-three years ago to meet a shabby fate. The ring yielded fame to him, but little else. Past middle age now, he has had to work very hard for a living for many years and to combat illness and painful injuries along the way. He has hustled freight on the docks, served in the "black gang" on steamships and bent his back to many a trying job. Life hasn't panned out as brightly as he hoped it would the day he arrived at Castle Garden, but he has done the best he could with it and never grumbled about it.

"It was John L. Sullivan who first put it into my head to come to this country," said Peter. "I boxed John in an exhibition bout in Dublin in 1887. Later on I fought Peter Jackson, also in Dublin. At that time nobody over here, including John L., would meet Jackson, but I wasn't afraid of him. He got a decision over me in six rounds. A great fighter was that Jackson.

"Not until 1891 did I take Sullivan's advice. I had had a lot of fights in Ireland and was recognized champion, but there was no fuss made about me when I got to New York. Nobody knew I was here for nine days. I had some friends here, but I didn't know how to locate them, and I spent my time wandering around, very lonesome, and wishing often that I was back in Galway.

Got His First Fight

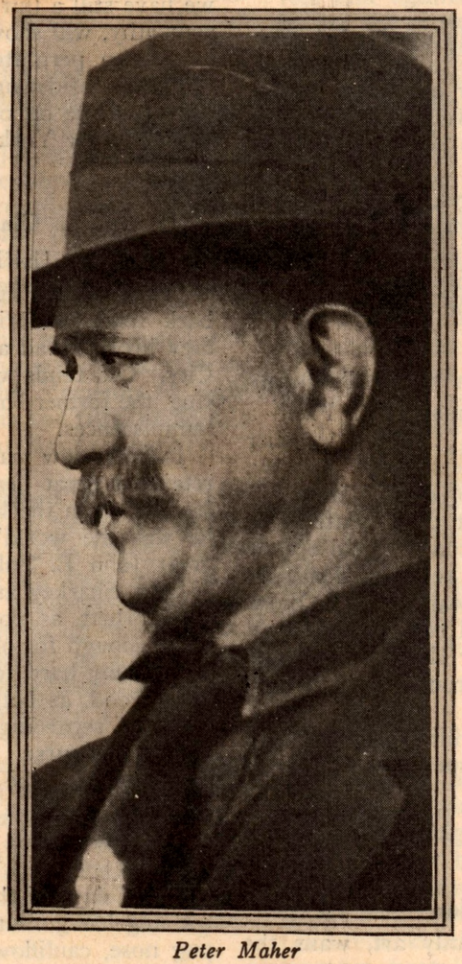
"AT LAST I met up with some of Sullivan's friends, and through them I got my first fight. It was with Jack Fallon, the Brooklyn Strong Boy. We met in Niblo's Garden and I stopped him in the second round. After that I had little trouble getting matches. I fought most of the good ones, but I never could get Jim Corbett to fight me. I was sorry for that, because I would have beaten him. Corbett was clever, but Steve O'Donnell was twice as clever as he was, and I beat O'Donnell three times. The first time I fought him there was a lot of betting that he would beat me, but I stopped him in one round—in half a round, you might say."

"Didn't you once have Fitzsimmons almost out?"

Peter raised his hand.

"There's no use to talk about those things now," he said. "They're done with and forgotten."

"But didn't you?"



Peter Maher

"Since you insist, I did. I not only had him almost out, I had him out cold. It was the first time we fought, which was in New Orleans. In the second round I nailed him, and down he went, close to his own corner. He could not have got up, but Joe Choyinski, who was his chief second, leaned over and rang the bell, though the round was only half over. In the excitement the timekeeper didn't know what to do and neither did the referee. Fitzsimmons's seconds dragged him back to his corner and brought him to, and in the eleventh round he knocked me out."

Blinded By Alkali Dust

"WEREN'T you almost blinded by alkali dust the second time you fought Fitz?"

"I was. I could see nothing and had no business to fight, but I had to. I don't know how it is now, but in those days the fighters had to do as they were told. We were supposed to fight in Dallas, but the Governor of Texas wouldn't allow it. I had trained in Chihuahua, Mexico, and had come up to Dallas for the fight, when the Governor called out the soldiers to make sure we didn't fight there. We were piled onto a train of flat cars and driven down to the Rio Grande, where the ring was pitched on an island in the river opposite Langtry, Tex. There were fifty soldiers on this bank of the river and a bunch of Mexicans on the other bank. My eyes had been bothering me in Chihuahua, but the ride from Dallas to Langtry finished me. I couldn't see Fitz when we came up for the first round and he soon knocked me out."

"How much did you get for that fight?"

"I got nothing, I had to borrow my car fare home from a man in El Paso."

"Did you ever get any real money for a fight?"

"Only once. That was when I fought Joe Kennedy, at Coney Island. Kennedy had held Jeffries to a draw in twenty rounds in California and was a big drawing card here. My share of the purse was $4,700. Of course, I didn't get that much. I don't know about the conditions now, but in my time a fighter had to give half his money to his manager, and some to this fellow and some more to that, so that when he got through he didn't have much left for himself. The others didn't keep all they got, either, but had to split with their masters, whoever they were."

His Toughest Fight

"What was the toughest fight you ever had?"

Peter misunderstood the question.

"The toughest deal I ever got was that time at Langtry I've been telling you about. There was many another tough one, but that was the worst."

"Not the toughest deal—the toughest fight. How about your twenty round draw with Gus Ruhlin?"

"Oh, the toughest fight! No, not the one with Ruhlin. I don't see how anybody could have called that fight a draw when I had Ruhlin down or on the ropes half a dozen times. In the sixteenth and eighteenth rounds he had all he could do to escape a knockout by holding on to the ropes with one hand and holding me off with the other. Oh, I don't know. I don't think I can tell you which was the toughest fight."

"Who was the greatest fighter you ever saw?"

"Choynski," Peter replied, without hesitation. "Joe was the prince of them all, white or black, in this country or any other. And he never weighed more than about 172 pounds."

Maher, by the way, once stopped Choynski in five rounds.

"How did Fitz and Jeffries rate, in your opinion?"

"Well, Fitz was a good man, but I should have been able to beat him any time I faced him. I figured to, but somehow or other he got that favorite punch to the jaw over on me. It was one of those things I can't explain. I never fought Jeffries, but he wasn't the man they say he was. He wouldn't do any better than get a draw with Joe Kennedy in twenty rounds and a draw with Tom Sharkey—who was easy for me—in twenty-five. He had a big advantage over Sharkey in height and weight and he should have licked him easily."

"Joe Walcott was quite a fighter, wasn't he?"

"He was that. He was no bigger than you, but his arms were so long he could almost touch the ground without bending. With that reach of his he could get at a big man as easy as he could at a small one, and he was a terrible puncher."

Poor Crop Of Boxers

"I THINK the fighters of to-day are as good as the oldtimers?"

"I do not. I don't get around to the fights very much now, but I've seen enough to know that the boys fighting to-day are not as good as those of twenty and thirty years ago. I never saw Dempsey, but they tell me he's a good one. Leonard? Yes, I've seen him, and a fine, clever little boy he is and a real champion, but I think Lavigne was the best lightweight that ever lived."

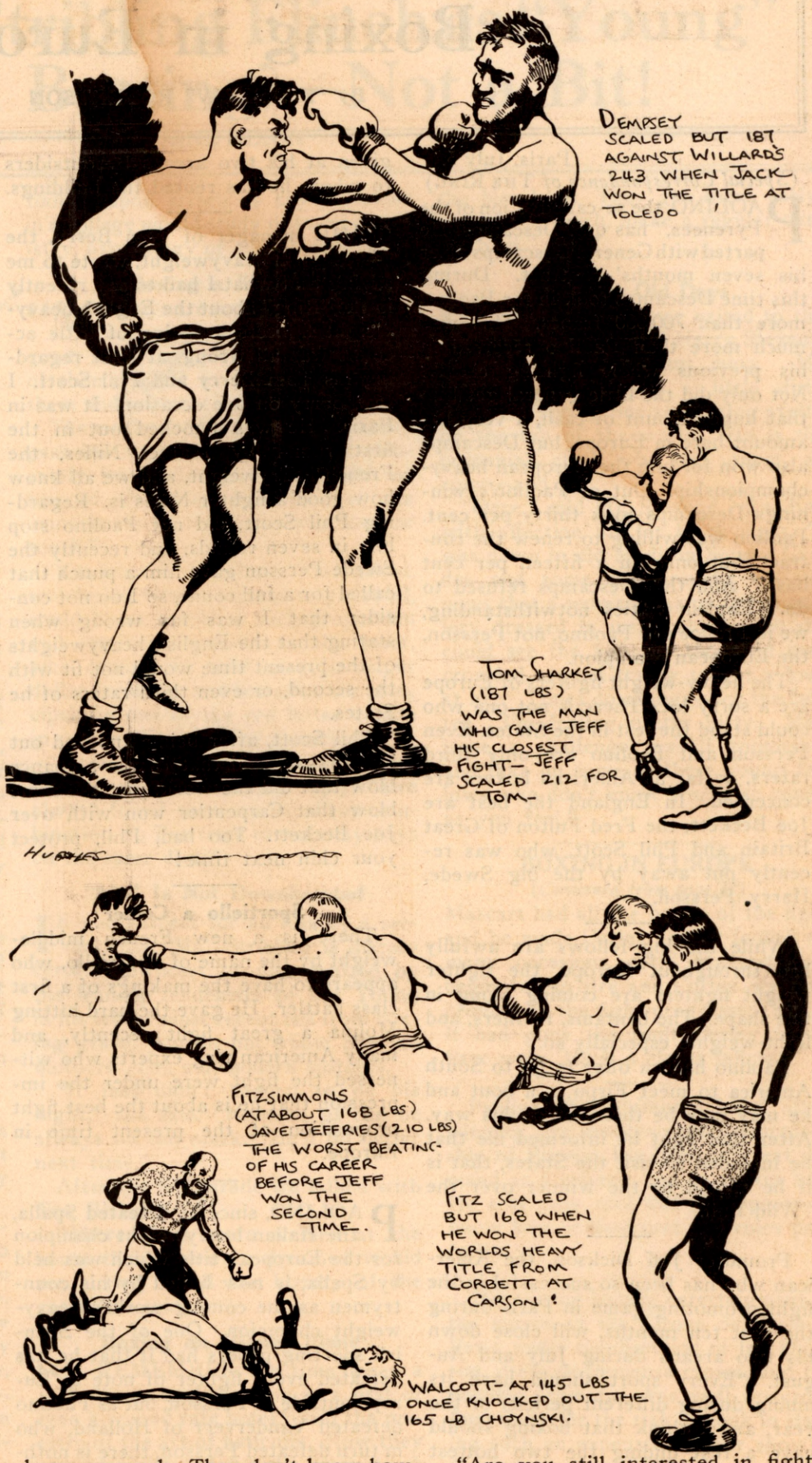
"Why aren't the fighters of the present as good as those of the past?"

"Because they aren't schooled right. I don't doubt they're as strong and as fast as the oldtimers, but they don't know as much. They don't know how to hit. The last time I was at a set of bouts I saw a husky young fellow, a middleweight, I guess he was, punch another fellow on the chin fifty times in six rounds, and he couldn't make a dent in him."

"Are you still interested in fighting?"

"Oh, yes. I read all about the fighters in the papers and I'd like to see some of the big fights. It's a great game—even if I never got very much out of it."

WEIGHT NO CRITERION—By ED. HUGHES



Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

Paris, July 5.
(*Special Correspondence of* THE RING)

PAOLINO, the so-called "Lion of the Pyrenees," has quit Descamps. He parted with General Descamps after his seven months' contract. During this time Descamps took in for Paolino more than 700,000 francs. This was much more than Paolino received in his previous whole fighting career. Not only did the little general get him that huge amount of cash, a very big amount here in Europe, but Descamps also won for him the European heavy-championship. Out of Paolino's winnings Descamps took thirty per cent. Paolino was willing to renew the contract, but only on a fifteen per cent basis. And this Descamps refused to do. English critics notwithstanding, we in France call Paolino, not Persson, the European champion.

The heavy-weight fighters of Europe are a sorry lot. There is not one who could stand the test in the States. Even Persson and Paolino are only third raters, so far as American boxers are concerned. In England the best are Joe Beckett, the Fred Fulton of Great Britain and Phil Scott, who was recently put away by the big Swede, Harry. Persson.

While the big fellows are awfully bad throughout Europe, the lighter weight fighters are coming along in fine shape. The bantams, feathers, and light-weights especially so.

Paolino had an offer to go to South America to meet Firpo in a bout and he may now be there, or on his way. After that fight he informed me that he intended to visit the States, that is if he should be the winner over the "Wild Bull."

Promoter Jeff Dickson, the American who has been so successful in the fight promoting game in Paris during the past ten months, will close down his two areans during July and August. "Every sport should have its inning during different periods of the year, and I think that boxing should have a rest duding the two hottest months," is what Jeff had to say when he informed us of his intended summer closing. However, during the two months that Dickson will be closed down, there will be some small shows given at his two arenas by outsiders to whom he has rented the buildings.

THE manager of Tom Berry, the English heavyweight, wrote to me saying that what I had to say recently in the "Ring" about the English heavyweight fighters as being of little account was all wrong, at least regarding his Tom Berry and Phil Scott. I saw Berry on one occasion. It was in Paris. He was knocked out in the first round by Marcel Nilles, the French heavyweight, and we all know how good a fighter Nilles is. Regarding Phil Scott, did not Paolino stop him in seven rounds, and recently the Swede Persson gave him a punch that called for a full count, so I do not consider that I was far wrong when stating that the English heavyweights of the present time would not fit with the second, or even third raters of he States.

Phil Scott, after being knocked out by Persson, said that it was a chance blow that did the work, just the same blow that Carpentier won with over Joe Beckett. Too bad, Phil, protect your chin next time!

Sportiello a Comer

There is a new French middleweight by the name of Sportiello, who appears to have the makings of a first class battler. He gave the hard hitting Molina a great fight recently, and many American ring experts who witnessed the fight were under the impression that he is about the best fight proposition at the present time in Europe.

PAOLINO, since he defeated Spalla, the Italian heavyweight champion for the European title which was held by Spalla, is now hailed by his countrymen as the coming world's heavyweight champion. One of the Spanish sporting papers had it that he has defeated every fighter of note in Europe outside of Persson, but as Paolino defeated Vanderveer of Holland, who in turn defeated Persson, there is nothing between our champion and winning the world's title but Jack Dempsey.

If Paolino was ever to fight Jack Dempsey he would find that the "nothing" amounted to something. Paolino is a tough fellow, but he has a lot to learn yet regarding ringcraft, before he would be successful even against the second raters of the American brand.

Hiss Diener Verdict

The bout between the German heavyweight Franz Diener and Sampson Koerner, which was fought in Berlin, the latter part of June, went to Diener on points, but the decision did not please the majority of the crowd, and there was hissing and protesting of all kinds for a long time after the judges gave their decision.

Diener is on his way to the States. He has a lot to learn before being very dangerous for any fairly good man.

Francois Moracchini, the French fly-weight champion, was defeated by Elky Clark of Scotland in a bout held at Albert Hall, London, June 22. The bout, which was a twenty rounder, went to the Scotsman on a point decision.

Andre Routis, the clever French bantam-weight lost a decision to the English fighter Kid Berg, of Stepney, for hitting low in the third of a scheduled fifteen round bout which was held at Albert Hall, London, last month.

Jack Walker, the Italian American boxer obtained a decision over the Belguim, Etienne, in a fifteen round bout, which was held at Milan, late last month. Walker, who is now in the stable of General Descamps has improved greatly during the past six months. He will shortly make a trip to the States to show his wares to the American fight fans. During the war Walker was in the United States Marine Service.

Curley Loses On Foul

Johnny Curley, the English feather-weight champion lost to the French champion, Mascart, in the fifth round of a twelve-round fight at the Cirque de Paris arena, in Paris, June 23. Up to the time of the foul blow

(*Continued on page 23*)

Does "Ma" Stribling Flinch as "Young" Takes a Beating?—Not a Bit!

By JANE DIXON

HOW does the mother of a boxer feel as she sits at the ringside and sees her boy wither under furious fusillades and wince under enfilading fire?

How does a great fighter feel as he takes his medicine in the roped arena, and sees his mother at the ringside?

With these questions in mind we went to the bout in which Paul Berlenbach outclassed Young Stribling in the Yankee Stadium in New York not so long ago. We sat with "Ma" Stribling, the young looking mother of the Georgia Peach, as her son lunged and leaned through fifteen rounds of punishment.

We chatted with the outstanding woman in the boxing game far a while before Big Boy Blue leaned his stuff.

"No," she insisted, "I'm not a bit nervous. A woman with nerves has no business in the business of her menfolk. If she can't keep her head and her heart she should stay a long way off.

"Will I worry while my boy is fighting? No, indeed. I enjoy every minute of it. How do I feel when he is hurt? I really don't know, because I have never seen my boy seriously hurt. I know his condition. I know his resistance. I have the utmost confidence in both.

Boxing a Science

"IF women only realized, as men do, that boxing is a science, not an exhibition of brute strength, they would enjoy a bout so much more.

"Boxing is one of the highest elevated sports of today. There are no wild boys in it. If they are wild when they come in, they go out in a hurry.

"I don't know that I should have chosen the ring as a career for my boys—I have two of them in it now, you know. My baby here, Babe Stribling, is a future champion. But when Young chose boxing himself and insisted on it, I decided the best thing to do was to go along with him. And when his brother took the same road I put on full steam, made up my mind it was the finest career on earth, and took it upon myself as any professor in a college would study to teach chemistry, psychology or any other science.

Boxing a Science

"MY boys are not flashes, but they are pluggers. They have a good, solid background. I am proud of them; proud to travel along with them and with their father."

The mother of Stribling might easily pass for his sister. She is small, delicately featured, dark-haired, with no line of worry or time to mar the smoothness of the "skin you love to touch."

"On what do you train?" we asked, wondering how a woman so youthful, could boast a son of such proportion and pugilistic renown as the loser, who caused the wise men to wager dollar for dollar and better on the principals in one of the red letter events in metropolitan boxing history.

"I train on vegetables, fruit and happiness," was the smiling reply. "I've always found them an excellent combination, so I've tried to train my boys on the same diet."

"Ma" Is Not Downhearted

IF you suspect for an iota of a second that "Ma" Stribling is disconcerted, downcast or disorganized by the leaning tendencies of her Young in his recent most recent fall from boxing grace, you do not know Spartan mothers. No, nor modern mothers.

"It just didn't happen to be his night," she said. "None of us can be always on the mark. He'll do better next time."

After the big parade we talked with Tex Rickard.

"There were more women at the bouts than you ever dreamed would see a ring in all the history of the sport," he said.

Boxing on Higher Plane

"I REMEMBER the time when a boxer couldn't stop at a first or even a second rate hotel," said the maestro of the art of fisticuffs. Now they are propositioned by the ritziest. A woman at a bout was a freak. Tonight you saw them swinging along on the arms of their husbands, brothers, sweethearts. Not just ringside. Out in the bleachers. They get there early, bring their lunch, make a regular outing of it."

Not Like Old Days

BETWEEN blows we exited to the personal domain of Harry Stevens, the roll-a-million-peanut king. Mr Stevens was singing a little ditty anent the springtime and sitting pretty on the top of the world. He is the perennial chap who sees them all come—and go.

"Once," said Mr. Stevens, regarding with affection his fat black cigar, "I was down in old Madison Square Garden and some one brought me the news that a woman was up in the gallery dressed in men's clothes, so she could see the fight. A thousand men crowded around trying to get a look at her. Times do change—for the better. I'm feeling pretty nifty. May issue a challenge myself tomorrow and take on some of these young fellows who don't know you're as young as you feel."

BOXING IN EUROPE

(*Continued from page 22*)

Mascart had all the better of the fight and he made Curley appear foolish on many occasions. Still Mascart was beginning to tire and Curley was improving as the fight progressed, and if it had gone the limit Curley might have won. He is a clever fellow.

Paolino, the "Pyrenees Lion" since winning the heavyweight championship of Europe, has been in great demand as a referee, and he makes one. He acts very cool and he appears to know how to interpret the rules perfectly.

The closing boxing entertainment of the season at the Cirque de Paris in Paris, under the direction of Jeff Dickson, drew an immense crowd, and the popular promoter was well rewarded financially for the risk he took in staging such an expensive indoor show in the hot weather.

There has been a big demand recently for French fighters to go to the States.

In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THERE are now two heavyweight champions of Europe — Harry Persson of Sweden and Paolino Uzcudun of the Basque country in Spain. The title over there is so heavy that it needs two huskies to hold it. Europe shows admirable forehandedness, for if Persson is knocked out on this side it still will have a champion.

Persson may be a world beater, and then again he may be just a good cobble stone setter. It took him eleven rounds to stop Phil Scott, who is even more horizontal than was Joe Beckett. Persson is a fine soccer player and his first fight over here may emphasize that fact.

The heavyweight situation continues to tickle the risibilities of those with a sense of humor. For example, there's Bill Muldoon's statement that a Dempsey-Wills fight would be an imposition on the public, but that a Dempsey-Tunney bout would be a real contest.

Rumors about Jack

THERE are all sorts of quiet rumors about Dempsey. He is said to be out of shape to such an extent that he could not get back into form. But Jack himself enters a vigorous denial.

The gentle game of tag between "Tex" Rickard and the New York State Boxing Commission continues to furnish many a laugh. It looks as if "Tex" will move his Dempsey-Tunney affair over to Jersey City. Where's the well known gentlemen's agreement between the New York and New Jersey Commissions! The inter-state entente cordiale in boxing is another piece of buncombe.

One of the funniest "fights" we have seen in some time was the Monte Munn-Boykin exhibition which preceded the lamentable Berlenbach-Stribling contest. It wasn't funny for the negro but the manner in which Munn plastered the Texas Moor, the look on Boykin's face as he stopped one kick after another, would have given a tremendous wallop to a movie comedy.

"Young" Stribling's Retort

"COME on, son, take one long chance," pleaded "Pa" Stribling before the last round of the Berlenbach bout. Whereupon "Young" looked at his dad and said, "Hell, I'm glad it's over." Proving again that an education sometimes is a handicap to a fighter in the ring.

Stribling has too much imagination to succeed in the roped arena. The most successful scrappers are those who do not know that round No. 15 follows Round No. 14, and who cannot count up to ten.

We have heard many funny utterances in our time but the prize in boxing still is held by Jack Kearns. On the morning after Dempsey's victory over Willard Kearns assembled the scribes and the pharisces in the lobby of the Secor and announced with great solemnity, "Boys, here's a champion who will fight. He will meet anybody anywhere, anytime."

We Won't Try To

LAFF that off in the face of the merry time Wills has been having in dogging Dempsey's footsteps.

With all that, Tunney deserves a shot at the title holder. If Wills cannot land the match, and it seems definitely decided now that he never will get a chance at the championship, by all means let Gene of the A. E. F. get the opportunity.

Tunney did his bit with the Marines and has the whole country behind him. If Dempsey ever does get into a ring with Tunney there will be no question as to who will have the support of ninety-eight per cent of the fight fans of the United States.

The big desideratum is to get Dempsey into a ring in order to save the well known world's heavyweight championship from dying of suffocation.

A Wiser Young Man

ADD sadder but wiser men—Ruby Goldstein. He had the chance of chances to land among the elite of the lightweight division. But life was too soft for Ruby. His managers spoiled him. And now the boxer has a chance to ruminate over the inconsistencies of life. And the punching power of Ace Hudkins.

Rarely have we heard such divergent opinion of a boxer as we have listened to about Hudkins. Some of the wise boys have it that Hudkins has no class. Others praise him to the moon as the next lightweight champion. Hudkins' victory over Goldstein is not to be taken too seriously. We'd like to see him fight Sid Terris.

Ace Hudkins, like Paul Berlenbach, is a onetime wrestler. The history of boxing has not been flattering to reformed grapplers.

Another Who Woke Up

ADD disillusioned boxers — Young Stribling. Two years ago he had his eye on Dempsey. Now he has enough money to quit boxing and get himself a regular business, more in keeping with his type. Gentleman farmer, for instance.

Poor Mickey Walker! What a has been he looked like against Joe Dundee! What a commentary on the ups and downs of boxing, and on human bonheadedness. Two years ago Walker was a shining light, a great champion. Now he is headed for the pugilistic boneyard.

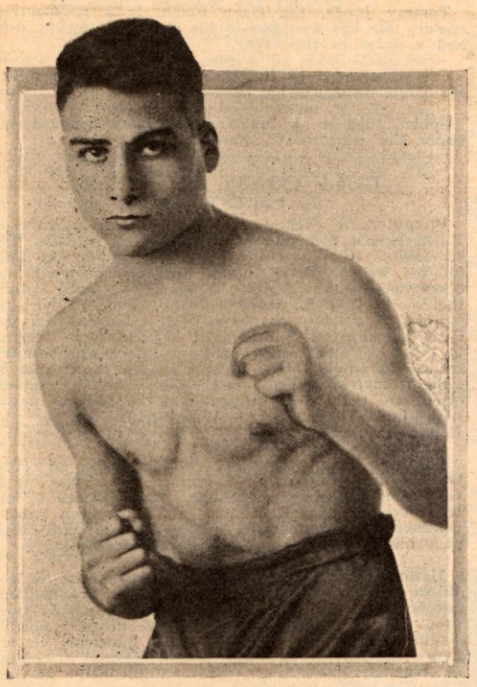
Harry Greb just about killed Walker as a boxer. The beating which Mickey took from Harry in New York last summer apparently killed Mickey's morale. He had talked it into himself that he could fight even Dempsey. Now the records show him knocked out by Joe Dundee, who is a fine boxer but certainly no Ketchel.

One Discussion Dies

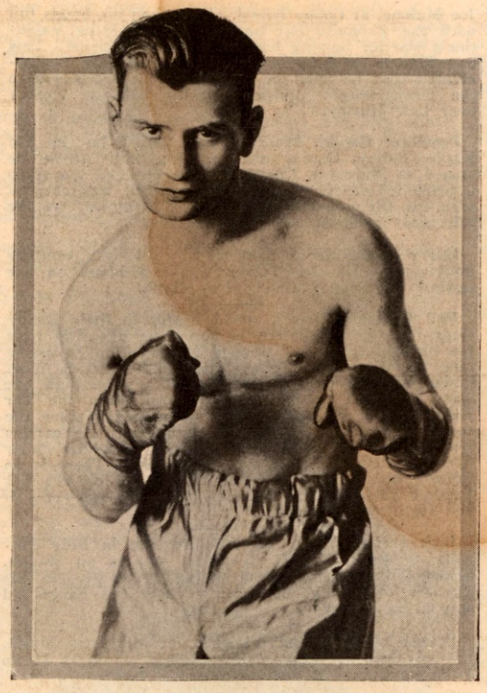
WELL, the Harmon discussion is dead. For several years we had been regaled with a continuous blast about Harmon being the "uncrowned" welterweight champion. Pete Latzo certainly crowned Harmon aplenty in that Newark ring, which saw Willie stretched on the canvas in the fifth round.

Pride goes before a fall in any walk of life. But the truth of this age-old axiom is accentuated in boxing more than in any other endeavor. Ask Mickey Walker.

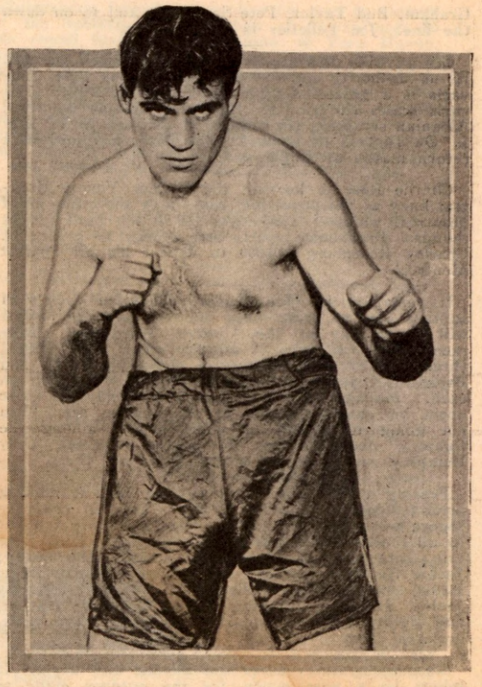
No, we are not gloating. We're deploring. There wasn't a better "kid" in the ring than Walker when his old manager had him.



Al Tripoli, who won the Olympic bantamweight championship two years ago, is making good in the money ranks.



Joe Glick, whose knockout at the hands of Honey Boy Finnegan of Boston, was a severe setback for the New York favorite



Arthur De Kuh, a heavyweight who is making a strong bid for recognition in New York bouts.

New York Fisticuffs

By LEFT JAB

FISTIC upsets continue apace. They're coming so fast, however, that it has become necessary to hire a secretary and some additional office hely to record the rise and fall of embryo champions.

During the month of July a flock of foreign "menaces" arrived in the land of liberty and free money. They are in high hopes of putting their hands on some of the screaming eagle gold backs.

The Rickard-Dempsey-Wills-Tunny-State Athletic Commission controversy kept the fans on edge for several weeks. Looks like a certainty Dempsey will stake his all against Tunney with Mr. Harry Wills on the outside looking in. Thank heavens the heavyweight muddle has been cleared long enough to give us a chance to catch our second breath. It's been a terrible thing—four long years of it!

Three champions proved their mettle in the last few weeks. We have reference to Kid Kaplan, Tod Morgan and Pete Latzo. The former defended his feather laurels twice handsrunning against Bobby Garcia and Red Chapman; Morgan stopped Steve (Kid) Sullivan forcing the ancient Brooklynite to hang up his gloves, and the former miner boy of Scranton knocked out Willie Harmon and fought Georgie Levine right after he dethroned Mickey Walker. Morgan was whipped by Babe Herman but at catchweights, and then he went over to Jersey to give Johnny Kochansky a few lessons.

Oodles of the coin of the realm changed hands in three fights. It is estimated that a cool half million was won and lost on Walker's defeat at the hands of Joe Dundee; Ruby Goldstein's kayo by Ace Hudkins, and the rejuvenated Mike McTigue's decisive victory over Johnny Risko.

Walker was stopped short in his comeback campaign. Dundee slaughtered him. With the exception of the opening stanza when the former toy bulldog showed a little of his old form, Walker was made to order for the Baltimorean. Mickey's downfall was a sad ending to a brilliant career. Dundee punched him full of holes. Mickey climbed through the ropes 7 to 5 favorite. His friends lost plenty of jack on him.

Then came the Goldstein-Hudkins fight. Ruby was quoted as high as 1 to 4 to whip the Nebraska Wildcat. His East side followers had cause to rejoice in the first round when Ruby dropped the Ace.

A terrific right hand wallop on the chin floored Hudkins as if he was shot down. Ace got right up. A left hook to the body practically finished Ruby in the second. In the fourth Ace finished him with a volley of lefts and rights. Ruby was counted out lying on the second strand of the ropes.

He cried his little eyes out when he realized that he had been stopped for the first time in his short but wonderful career. He continued to cry when he returned to the ringside as a spectator. The defeat almost broke Goldstein's heart. Goldstein's friends may never recover from the beating their pocketbooks received.

McTigue and Risko drew a small gathering the night they had it out in the new Garden ring. But it was a thrilling fight. McTigue was on the short end—1 to 3. Risko couldn't lay a glove on the elusive Irishman. The Clevelander was made to order for bowld Michael. Risko's rushing tactics availed him nothing. Jimmy Johnston will clean up a fortune with the old warrior. McTigue isn't through by any means. Looks like he is beginning to get good again. And he's no chicken.

Close on the heels of the arrival of Harry Persson, recognized European heavyweight champion, came two French scrappers—Francis Charles, light heavyweight titleholder and Andre Routis, claimant of the European featherweight mythical diadem. Teddy Broadribb, popular English manager, sailed on the steamship Carmania, July 24 in tow of three crackerjack boxers—Jack Hood, of Manchester, welterweight champion of Great Britain; Alf Mancini, a heavy lightweight, and a feather named Teddy Baldock.

Persson is a Swede. He stands six feet two inches in his stocking feet and weighs around 200 pounds. He was awarded his title by virtue of an eleven round knockout scored over Phil Scott. He has signed for three fights under the auspices of Tex Rickard. From all accounts the big Swede is a good fighter. His greatest asset is a right hand uppercut.

R. Eudeline, who will be remembered by Americans as the hatless manager of Eugene Criqui, former world featherweight champion, is handling Routis. Accompanying the French boxers here was Mrs. Georges Carpentier. When asked what she thought of prizefighters as a whole, Mrs. Carpentier said she did not approve of that manner of making a livelihood. She declared in no uncertain terms that she has pleaded time and again with her husband to give up the game. She was grieved to learn that a few days before her arrival Georges was beaten by Tommy Loughran in a Philadelphia ring.

By the adoption of two new rules, resulting from recent occurrences in local rings, the State Athletic Commission still further augmented the powers of the referees. We do not agree with the board in one rule which forbids the tossing of towels into the roped arena by seconds, handlers or others, leaving the third man sole judge of a contestant's ability to continue in the bout. The other rule, however, is a good one. It bans contestants from indicating by their own words or actions at the conclusion of a fight their individual opinion as who is the winner.

Eddie Forbes acted wisely when he stopped the one-sided Walker-Dundee fracas. Mickey was beaten to a fine turn and had Forbes allowed him to continue the chances are he might have been injured beyond repair. Eddie is an old timer and he knows the racket from A to Z. Mickey, by the way, has gone to the mountains to enjoy a much needed rest. He claims that a few months' chopping wood and living in the quiet of the mountains will restore his vitality and help him stage a comeback. We do not agree with him. The night life ruined him as a fighter. He'll never come back.

Talking about future greats one must not overlook Monte Munn. Dan Hickey's giant protege from the Nebraska prairies and legislative halls is bowling 'em over like so many ten pins. His latest victim was Jack Shaw, of the U. S. Marines. Keep your eyes peeled on the big fellow. He is a little green yet but he has the makings of a champion. Hickey will bring out the best in him.

Lest we forget, Stanislaus Loayza thrilled 9,000 frigid fans at the Queensboro Stadium a few weeks by the workmanlike manner in which he polished off the cool, calculating, sharpshooting Jack Bernstein. The Chilean made Bernstein eat out of his hands, literally speaking.

As they watched Young Bob Fitzsimmons getting smacked and cuffed by the little black hands of Tiger Flowers in the last four of ten one-sided rounds at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, recently, the thought must have wandered through the minds of Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey that they wished the father of the beaten youth was as soft as he is when they fought him.

Incidentally, Jim and Tom are doing a vaudeville skit in these parts. The old boys look good.

Maxie Rosenbloom has Dave Shade's number. The Harlem light heavyweight whipped the Leo P. Flynn entry twice handsrunning. In their first meeting some of the boys criticized the decision but in the return match Maxie made the lantern jawed Shade play to his music. Rosenbloom is about ready to tackle topnotchers like Loughran, Berlenbach and Delaney.

Nat Rogers has quit as a matchmaker. He is gathering together a good stable of fighters.

The blond tiger of Greenwich Village, Vic Burrone, continues on his rampage through the bantam division. In his last engagement he whipped Joe Clifford. He is ready for boys like Chick Suggs, Bushey

Graham, Bud Taylor, Pete Sarmiento and so on down the line. Joe Pelletier is his manager.

George Ellin has uncovered another Greek warrior. He is authority for the information that Pete Couvaris is a greater fighter than Phil McGraw. Couvaris scales 126 pounds. He boxed Tommy Kerakos, Albanian scrapper, ten rounds, at Newton, N. J., July 5. On July 13 he clashed with Harry Stanford in a return match at Englewood, N. J.

Charlie Rose is keeping the ancient Young Montreal busy as the proverbial bee. Only the other night Montreal whipped Tony Mandell in ten hard fought rounds. Providence sports are willing to guarantee Charley Rosenberg $30,000 to defend his all against Montreal.

It remained for Joe Fogler, champion cyclist of another era, to prove once and for all that boxing will never pay at the Uptown Velodrome. Bike races—that's a horse of another color. Joe staged three popular priced shows at the 225th Street and Broadway cycle track losing plenty of money on each. Manager John Chapman is ready to close down his spacious arena to the modern art. "I'm not going to spread my bike profits among the fighters," declared John. He said a mouthful, Only Dempsey and Leonard might draw up there.

Fearing a cold winter, pudgy Lou Brix is making arrangements for plenty of coal. Lou, in order to secure work for his stable of boxers, has sent a list to all matchmakers offering the services of Al Roberts, heavyweight; George La Rocco, light heavy; Jackie Hausner, feather; Bud Dempsey, junior light; Eddie McLaughlin, welter; Al Tripolo, formerly Jackie Williams, feather; George Nickfor, feather, and Bobby Bolin, flyweight. The lads crave work, declares Brix.

Recommendations never did anyone any harm. It might be a wise policy for the outdoor clubs to install amplifiers on the ringposts so that the announcers can be heard at the far reaches of the respective stadiums. All the customers want to hear the names and weights of the battlers, not only those select few who can afford to pay high prices for ringside seats.

Willus Britt, who gave up matchinking at the New Manhattan as a bad job, is branching out as a manager. He has taken over Davie Adelman, Penn flyweight. The bespectacled sawed-off Philadelphian is also looking after the affairs of Sid Burt, Bronx welter.

Paul Kessler, slashing, dashing, ferocious latherer, is back in the managerial racket. He is guiding the destinies of Louie Lewis, kid brother of former welterweight champion Ted (Kid) Lewis. Louie is a ringer for his illustrious brother.

Willie Harmon, East side welter, who was knocked out cold by champion Pete Latzo in a Newark, N. J., ring, was so incensed over his defeat that he demanded his release from his manager. The contract had two more months to run.

Doc Bagley has picked up a corking prospect in Johnny Kehr, former amateur light heavyweight champion. He celebrated his debut on big time by defeating Clarence Jones in four heats. Kehr is a good puncher and under Doc's expert tutelage should develop rapidly. Bagley was a busy man last month. He arranged the preliminaries to the world light heavyweight duel between Paul Berlenbach and Jack Delaney. It was he who introduced Pete Reilly to Promoter Humbert J. Fugazy. Reilly, Delaney's manager, has stuck to Fugazy like a leech.

Jimmy Johnston waxes enthusiastic over Yale Okun, a light heavy. Since going under the Johnston banner Okun hasn't lost a fight. He bears watching.

Another former simon pure who is making good in the professional ranks if Jackie Donohue. The astute Jack Moore is handling him. Jackie was a sensation in the featherweight division. From a flyweight up Donohue participated in 200 or more hard battles. He was the proud possessor of the New York State championship. The parlor in his home is choked with trophies and medals, and he owns enough watches and big clocks to start a jewelry shop. Donohue was born and raised in the Murray Hill section of New York.

Billy Petrolle, so-called Fargo, N. D. "Express," is going great guns in local rings. He enthused the Coney Island Stadium customers by making Sid Terris open up and fight, and in his last start was held to a draw by Ray Miller. Petrolle, who is looked after by Jack Hurley, may battle Ace Hudkins at the seashore arena shortly. Petrolle is a good club fighter. When he returns home he will be married to one of the belles of the Dakotas.

Harry Ebbets, Freeport, L. I., clouter, registered his thirty-first kayo recently at the expense of Joey Werner. There is no stopping the Long Islander. Looks like "Windy" Eddie Walker has a diamond in the rough.

Johnny Keyes has finally dug up a good fighter in Frankie Fink, Jewish cowboy. In his last appearance hereabouts he trounced Benny Gould, Canadian feather. Fink is a "smart" sort of a scrapper. He knows when and how to hit.

Eddie Anderson, erstwhile Wyoming cowboy, showed a flash of his old form the night he defeated Joe Malone, at Coney Island. Eddie had his hands full with the Bronxite but he out-smarted Mike Valentine's warrior helping him to grab the decision. This boy Malone is some battler, believe us. He demonstrated that he must be reckoned with henceforth in the featherweight division by his brilliant victory over Lew Hurley.

Promoter George Mulligan blew $11,000 on the Kid Kaplan-Bobby Garcia championship mill which he staged at Hartford, Conn. George charged too steep a price for seats. That, in a nutshell, was responsible for the financial fiasco. The champion, we are informed, received $25,000 guarantee.

Harry Felix, clever East side lightweight, remains undefeated. He came through like a house on fire against the sturdy Cuddy De Marco.

Phil Glassman has a world beater in little Benny Bass. We glimpsed him in action for the first time the night Joe Dundee stopped Mickey Walker in the new Garden ring. Benny knocked the skids from under Billy Kennedy's legs. In more ways than one Bass reminded us of Sam Langford when the Tar Baby was in his prime. We nicknamed Walker the toy bulldog; Bass is a white Langford. He carries the kick of a mule in both hands, is a soldier under fire and stops his men with short jolts. There is no getting away from the fact that if he doesn't get heavier he is a sure thing to climb the top rung of the featherweight ladder.

Jack Hurley has a sweet lightweight in Billy Petrolle, of Fargo, N. D. Petrolle, who is an Italian, boxed Sid Terris at Coney Island June 11. In his Gotham debut against Sammy Vogel the Fargo lad was stage struck.

Staten Island is singing the praises of Matty Mario, a likely looking lightweight. In his last start Mario trounced Paul Gulotta.

Scotty Montieth grabbed $10,000 selling his share of Champion Louis (Kid) Kaplan's contract. He has been missing from Tin Ear Alley ever since he got the package. He can be found however, on the Metropolitan race course. Scotty likes the horses, knows them by their first names, but he can't do business with them. At last reports the wily Scotchman was holding his own.

Bert Stand has made more than good as secretary of the State Athletic Commission. He is a hard worker and courteous to the last degree. He'll go out of his way to do you a favor—if it's reasonable. He was recommended by Eddie Ahern, Democratic leader on the lower east side.

Johnny Keyes has a very good little fighter in Arnold Ryan. He made a good stand against the experienced Lew Hurley. Associated with Keyes is "furious" Tommy Furrie.

A number of gladiators are laid up with busted hands, broken hearts and dislocated shoulders. Dr. W. G. Fralick keeps mending them as fast as them come to him. He is a wonder at his trade.

Al Mayer got rid of Cy Schindel for $250. He is now doing publicity work for Stanislaus Loayza. He was the man who ballyhooed Louis Firpo when the Wild Bull of the Pampas came to America.

ROCHESTER NOTES
By ROCKY CONTI

Matchmaker Jake Carey of the Genesee Valley A. C. ran his first outdoor show with an all star show headed by Charlie O'Connell-Archie Walker, Sid Barbarian-Cuddy De Marco. Joe Trippe-Paris Cange in three ten round bouts.

Phil Verdi, local featherweight champion hopped to Utica and gave Giovanni Salerno a boxing lesson in ten rounds.

Mike Marcells, who is better known as Scrapiron and western New York's leading contender for Fidel La Barba's flyweight crown is the busiest boxer in this section, boxing every week and sometimes twice a week. He defeated Joe Thomas of Buffalo and Mickey Gill of San Francisco, Calif., in their recent fight.

Rock Scott, local featherweight who hasn't appeared before the local club in years recently gave Joe Lamania a lacing at Utica in the semi-final to the Chic Suggs-Willie Spencer bout.

Paul Bernola, local junior lightweight who has met the best boys in his class in this section is anxious to meet Paris Cange of New Castle, Pa. Cange who is managed by Jimmy Dime has won 26 out of 31 bouts by the K. O. route. Bernola once held the lightweight championship of the U. S. Navy.

Johnny Gorino, a young welterweight who is yet to make his debut before the local club is training daily with Paul Bernola at the Bill Nick A. C., and hopes to get started on the next boxing card at Baseball Park the earlier part of August.

IN INDIANA

Gary is coming to the fore in boxing circles. C. Y. Berezin has a stable of four promising boys, all training hard, and each with silvery prospects.

California Joe Ganz, the colored lightweight champ is the ace of the stable.

Tommy Jones, the Gary Flash, is a prospective comer. He has won five of his six recent fights, and had a draw in the other.

Carl Henderson of Buffalo is a fast featherweight. He has won most of his fights.

Spider Johnson, a middleweight, also has entered under the wing of C. Berezin.

GULF COAST SPLASHES
By PAUL TIBLIER

Promoter Al Fremin and the American Legion of Biloxi should feel exceedingly lucky in securing the services of Al Wambsgans as third man in the ring for his weekly fistic shows. Al is considered the best referee in the South. While in the Army before the World War Al developed Gene Tunney and saw in him a coming champion. He officiated in the Gene Tunney-Jeff Smith fight held in New Orleans in 1924, in which Gene won by a knockout. Tunney trained in Biloxi, Miss., a four season resort just 81 miles from New Orleans on the Gulf Coast. Gene has often said that when he gets into the squared arena with Jack Dempsey, Al Wambsgans will be the Referee chosen.

Chester Bush, promising middleweight of New Orleans defeated Grover Mallini of Kiln, Miss., in a ten round top liner in Mobile, Ala. It was a fast ten rounds filled with action. Bush has won twenty consecutive victories and critics of the Gulf Coast pick him as the next middleweight champion.

Jimmy King made a successful comeback in the Biloxi arena when he won Referee Al Wambsgans' decision over Young Moran of Pass Christian, Miss., in a ten round bout as the feature of the Legion's weekly fistic show. King claims a knockout victory over the present day limelighter, Tommy Freeman of Hot Springs, Ark. Freeman recently defeated "Shuffles" Callahan, the pride of the East in Cleveland.

"Bub" Seymour, crack Mobile featherweight just returned from Mexico where he engaged several of the leading topnotchers down there. Seymour made a hit in the Mexican country with his flashlike fighting.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

Boston promoters want Tommy Ryan with Bud Taylor and San Francisco wants him with California Joe Lynch. A pleasing fighter is Ryan and always in demand.

Frankie Schoell is licking his lips in anticipation of a chance at the welter title, now held by Peter Latzo. Schoell has Latzo's number and trimmed the present champion four times in Scranton, Pa. Schoell has been unfortunate in getting matches with leading welters. He is a good fighter but has had to box middleweights and light heavyweights for several years.

Schoell and Mickey Walker may meet here in August or September and then Frankie may get a shot at Joe Dundee.

There will be no outdoor boxing in this city until mid July. The weather has been cool and the promoters are a bit scared about taking a fling at an ordinary show. The Stabeneau-Gains match was a loser and the Harry Greb-Art Weigand match did not get the promoters any money. It seems as though the fans will not go inside at this time of the year.

Larry Gains won from Tony Stabeneau in a match that was far from a good one, although the number of knockdowns made it somewhat thrilling. Gains was down four or five times and Stabeneau as many, if not more. Gains got the decision.

Art Weigand is resting up following his hard battle with Harry Greb. Weigand is only 21 and he showed excellent form when he made Greb step his fastest to win the decision.

Lou Scozza, another Buffalo boy, went to Toronto and fought Mike McTigue a hard 12 round battle. McTigue got the decision but knew that he had been in a fight.

Weigand wants to fight Jimmy Slattery for the Buffalo light heavyweight title. He thinks he can beat Jimmy in ten or twelve rounds. This match would draw a great house.

Slattery is just back from Europe and plans to box a number of ordinary scrappers before taking on the topnotchers. He will meet some good man here in late July or August.

Jimmy Goodrich, former champion, may box Ace Hudkins in New York sometime in August. Jimmy would like to get a crack at the conqueror of Ruby Goldstein.

Goodrich has opened a new gymnasium here. It is a very nice place, up to date and well located.

Buffalo may see a real honest to goodness championship fight this summer. Charlie Murray, the Queensberry matchmaker, has stated so but mentions no names and no classes. He just says we'll see a title fight and Murray generally keeps his word.

IN AND NEAR DETROIT

By JIM SULLIVAN

Another good show was staged by John Crell, but did not get the patronage that it deserved. Jack Delaney met Bob Sage who was considered no match for Jack. But Sage was on his feet at the end and made a good showing.

On the same card Len Darcy, local middleweight gave Tommy Burns a lacing and received the official duke. Darcy is a coming boy and will bear a lot of watching.

There is much disatisfaction among the boys here in regard to statements that Phil McGraw stopped Lee Hardy in nine rounds. This writer saw the fight. It was a close thing and went the distance with the newpapers divided on the verdict.

Al Meyers, local featherweight, has had two fights within a couple of weeks winning both in the first. He beat Lou Bloom in Toledo and had no trouble in licking Sammy Lupica in Flint. Myers is a heady boxer and a fair puncher.

Joe Lucas, local bantam, is finding it tough to get opponents owing to his terrific punching power. He was matched with Carl Tremaine in Windsor, but the birdies got to Jimmie Dunn who pilots Carl and the fight was off.

Micky Goldberg, another of Detroit's favorite boys is still going strong. He has lost one fight in about twenty starts.

Charley Moore, credited with the one of the best stables of fighters in the State of Michigan is now an official at the Grand River A. C.

Dave Knight, who handles Darcy is trying to match him with Tiger Flowers. Mixed matches are Taboo in the State of Michigan. This is a drawback as there are a few good bouts that could be staged here. The Flowers-Darcy match would make a promoter a lot of money. It will be quite a time before Darcy will be seen in the ring as he broke his hand in his recent match with Bryan Downey.

Sid Barbarian made a oomeback and gave Cuddy DeMarco a pasting. There are a lot of boys what Sid can beat yet.

Leon Flores, one of the most promising youngsters in Detroit, gave Gyp Williams the beating of his life, in Flint, O., the same card Johnny Webber beat Ray Bernard.

Homer Leblanc, local bantam, is in the married class and is nicely settled down Homer. Sells butter and eggs when he is not throwing gloves.

MAINE MUSINGS

By R. A. WEATHERBEE

Maine wielders of the upholstered gauntlets have had a busy month. Foremost in importance among local fistic happenings were the knockouts of Lee, Conley and Rice and the continued involuntary idleness of Cyclone St. Louis.

Laddie Lee's rise in pugilistic prominence received a stiff setback when Johnney McIntyre knocked him out in Portland, only a few days after Lee had stopped Sheik Leonard. The former Holy Cross athlete had been working hard—after a short rest he should come back, better than ever.

The Bar-L Ranch of Newport, the Home of Action, has certainly lived up to its name during the past month. The Ranch has been packed with hundreds of satisfied fans at every show for top prices are $1, the promotor adheres strictly to the "No fight, no money" plan, and dancing follows the show. At a recent Friday night show, K. O. Chubbock knocked out Jimmy Maroon, Bangor's Bad Boy, after four reels of thrilling battling. Chubbock's experience (with his terrific wallop) was too much for Jimmy, so the Skowhegan welter hung up his 17th successive scalp.

Duncan MacDonald, as usual, belied his Scotch name on June 21, when he offered the fans of Bangor 30 rounds of boxing at reduced prices. Dunc was showered with congratulations from the fine gathering that saw the show. In the main bout of two sixes, it was Ruby Levine vs. Tony Carney and left against left. A hair line verdict must go to Carney for he took 5 rounds, Levine 4, and 3 were even, but "Our Ruby won his way further into the hearts of the local fans by his clever milling.

Frank Provencher, conquerer of Cyclone St. Louis, beat Billy Carney, brother of Tony, Kid Yuck and Dostie Richards finished even, and Johnney Mundo and K. O. Stephens tumbled out of the ring in the first round of one of the fiercest battles ever seen in Bangor. Mundo, the Belfast sailor, is a veritable wildman, and had Stephens in a bad way in the two minutes the battle lasted.

Crépe for the local boy's big time ambitions! Bing Conley and Jimmy (Kid) Rise, two of our best, made their "big time" débuts in Boston and both were kayoed! Tom Kirby, former amateur heavy weight champion, stopped Bing in four rounds while Newport Johnney Brown flattened Jimmy in the first. It was Brown's 9th straight K. O. in a Boston ring.

Those wise ones who laugh at the talk of a "grudge fight" certainly were surprised at the out come of the Utah Kid-Chubbock affair. These boys, as seconds nearly come to blows at a Bangor bout, and Wm. Lochard immediately suggested that they settle it at the Bar-L Ranch. Both men fought like tigers but the Utah dropped Chubbock after 10 rounds of ordinary fighting crammed into two minutes of the first round. Another win for the Utah—and for the Bar-L!

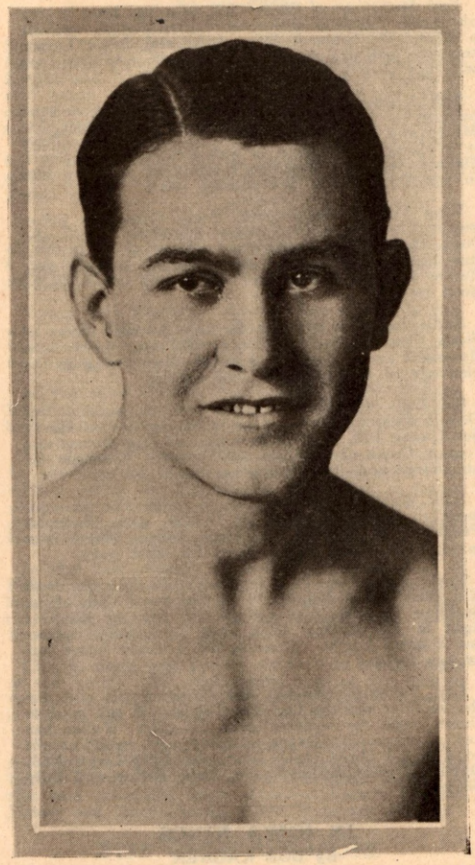
Maine welters must watch Dick Lambert, brother of Lou. Dick recently trimmed Young Drew and Nick Madonna, two of the best in this league.

Georgie Bulduc of Lewiston recently lost the decision to Phil McGraw in New York.

Cyclone St. Louis is still idle. The feud is still on between his manager, Jack Sumway, and promoter Dunc McDonald of Bangor. Dunc says Cyclone wants to meet setups and Cyclone says he wont' fight champions for $60. As a result, Maine's most promising welter is losing his chance for developing into a real contender.

Elizear Rioux of Canada, K.: O.ed Johnny Akers of New York at Sanford in three rounds recently.

Steve Travers and Lou Bedell, two old rivals fought a good six round draw at Portland last month. Tough Mike Mariner the popular little Westbrook lad was badly beaten in four rounds by Pecker Martin of Biddeford.



George Courtney, Oklahoma's Fighting Cowboy. He is a middleweight

IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Battling Willard, Lancaster's hard hitting welterweight upset the dope when he rocked the highly touted Jimmy Golden, of Philadelphia, to sleep in the fourth round, at Carnival Park, Manayunk, Pa. Willard never fails to please, no matter where he shows, he is of the aggressive type, and always gives his best. The battler has met some of the best in the light and welterwight class, including Nate Goldman, Pete August, Pedro Campo, and many others. His next bout will be with the rugged Pat Haley, of Kensington, at the Phillies Ball Park, Philadelphia.

Rosey Stoy, Lancaster's bantamweight contender, dropped the duke to Henry Lenard, of Chicago, in a twelve round fight staged in Youngstown, Ohio.

Benny Perry, of Hazelton and Jimmy Buff of Philadelphia, fought to a drew in an eight round fight at Lykens.

Harry Wills, negro heavyweight contender, for Jack Dempsey's crown, appeared in a three round exhibition bout at Harrisburg, with his sparring partner, Jeff Clark. In the semi-final Frankie Hayes of Philadelphia jabbed and hooked his way to victory over the veteran Joe McCaben of Harrisburg, in a six round fuss. Ralph Repman, of York Haven, gained the judges' decision over Jimmy Burns, of Atlantic City in another six rounded. Johnny Shern, of Philadelphia won from Johnny De Marco, also of Philadelphia, after six fast and furious rounds. Tom Laberto, of York, won from K. O. Murray, of Harrisburg, by a technical knockout in the second round, Murray received a bad cut over the right eye and Referee Jim Morrisey stopped the fight.

Johnny Jacomis, Lancaster welterweight, is training hard for his fight with Frankie Vance of Philadelphia, in the formers home town the latter part of the month.

Dick Curtin and Carl Young, both Lebanon fighters, are in training at Mt. Gretna for several fights their manager has lined up for them.

Bill Zimmerman, of Lebanon, has resumed training after being on the side lines with a badly injured right hand, received in a recent fight at Lykens. Bill is a lightweight.

"Young" Holke of Columbia is a big favorite in the coal regions.

"Red" Sanders of Minersville looks like a comer in the lightweight class.

Johnny Curtin of Lebanon would like to meet Joey Rice of Philadelphia again, Curtin lost to Rice several weeks ago at the Cambria Club, Philadelphia.

Jack Hanlon, Lancasters K. O. artist is looking for trouble among the welterweights.

Jimmy Britt, of Lancaster would like to meet some of the boys in his class, Jimmy is a flyweight. He never fais to please. Here is a boy who gives the fans action.

Bobby Coleman, of Beccaria has started training at Mt. Gretna, Bobby is a middleweight, and a good one too. Kid Wolfe, of Oneida, has also joined the camp. He too is a middleweight.

K. O. Greth, a hard hitting lightweight, has been showing good form in his workouts with the boys at the Gretna camp.

Mervin (Bozo) Bolton, skating instructor at Gretna Park, intends entering the game of swat. Bozo should make a good one, but here's hoping he don't hit the floor as often in boxing as he does with skates on.

Battling Willard, of Lancaster lost a close decision to Pat Haley of Kensington at the Phillies Ball Park, June 28. The fight was a mighty good one.

IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By JULES D. BECK

McKeesport Majestic Club inaugurated its open air season on June 25. The card was headed by Harry Fay, of Louisville, Ky., and Mike Wallace, of Cleveland. The show was a financial disappointment and might put a crimp in the future plans for open air shows by the Majestic.

Red Mason of Pittsburgh believes in hard work. Since his split with former champion Harry Greb, he has been kept continually busy lining up bouts for his lightweight star, Cuddy de Marco.

Marine Tolliver, formerly from West Va., is now making his home in McKeesport, Pa. He is in strict training to meet the leading heavies of the country. Tolliver is now managed by Bernard Kelley of McKeesport.

Kid Carpentier, the flashy featherweight sensation of New Kingsington, is out with a defi to meet the leading feathers in the country. He is handled by the veteran, Mike Harding. Carpentier is a clever boxer and an all around good ring general and should be meeting the best of them shortly.

Tony Norman, the South Side featherweight, after an absence of two years from the squared circle, will shortly don the mitts and await the gong of action.

Charleroi, Pa., boasts of having as one of its citizens, Willie Davies, flyweight star. Davies is a star in action. He has defeated some of the best boys in his division. He was one of Tex Rickard's selections among the leading flyweights of the country. Jim Buchanan sure has a fine prospect for the championship.

Bobby Young, the Duquesne feather, journied to Erie and fought two great bouts with Whitey Stevenson and Maxey Strub. He beat Stevenson easily but lost a close decision to the latter.

Mike Harding, North Side manager, is all het up over his new protege, Johnny Dunn. Dunn has been showing great form and has been winning his bouts with regularity.

Boxing shows in this locality, at the present writing, are as scarce as hen's teeth and hundreds of good boys are craving for action but no shows are in sight. This has been a lean season for boxing in the Pittsburgh district.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

The Crosscup-Pishon Post of the American Legion recently staged its annual charity boxing show in Boston. Over 17,000 fans were attracted to the show staged at Braves Field, where Tiger Flowers, the dusky middleweight champion and Ray Neuman, the New Jersey boy were the principals in the main go in a bout that showed New England fans just how good a fighter the "Tiger" really is for although Neuman was never seriously in the running in the bout, he made Flowers extend himself at all times, something that has not happened on the Tiger's previous visists to beantown.

The semi-windup between Red Chapman, one of the best featherweights in the world today and Al Corbett of Cleveland, a boy with a great rep in the West, ended in just forty seconds of the first round when Red reached Al with a terrific left hook to the chin and the veteran Referee Jack Sheehan tolled off the fatal ten before Corbett recovered from the effcts of the blow. Chapman is matched to meet Kid Kaplan for the featherweight crown the latter part of the month at Long Isand City and New England fans, Bostonians in particular, will be rooting for the ever popular Redhead to come through.

In another ten rounder on the same bill, little Sammy Fuller, that great little scrapper from Boston's little Italy vanquished tough old Carl Tremaine in a stirring bout that was replete with action from start to finish. Sammy's inexperience cost him a K. O. victory in the first round for after having floored Carl for a long count, Fuller was all at sea as to just what to do next. However, he won and that's what counts in the game of give and take. Fuller and Chapman's victories bear out the writer's assertions made last month as to New England boxers' ability to cope with the best in the game.

The Jack Sharkey-Bud Gorman bout had a rather unfortunate ending for after battling furiously at the start of the first round, Bud unintentionally let a low punch go and Jack was unable to continue. It was a rather dismal ending to a bout that had great possibilities as both boys are bitter rivals and both have scored a win over the other. They may be rematched before the summer passes.

The surprise of the month hereabouts was the win of tough punching Babe Herman, a great favorite in this section over Tod Morgan, the junior lightweight champion in a sensational bout that was filled with everything a real dyed-in-the-wool fan demands. Morgan furnished the boxing skill and he has it aplenty while the socking Babe turned on the fireworks early in the melee. He floored Morgan in the third round and the bell was all that saved Tod from a K. O. It was a scrap that has all that witnessed it talking about a return bout, but if it comes to pass, Herman will insist that the bout be at weight. He is satisfied that he is Morgan's master.

The fans in this section are seeing some of the real boxing headliners in action this summer and this is just what they rate a square deal for there is to be found in New England the greatest gathering of loyal boxing fans located anywhere and Tiger Flowers, Babe Herman, Tod Morgan, Pete Latzo, who has contracted to fight here shortly, are some of the topnotchers who will do their stuff for the fans of Little Old New England.

Chick Suggs, Red Chapman, Ruby Levine of Portland, Sammy Fuller, Al Mello and Jack Sharkey are the leading scrappers from this section and their popularity in these parts is unquestioned and in passing it may be said that it will take a champion to down anyone of them and a real champion at that.

MINNESOTA NEWS

By MURRAY McLEAN

Almost anyone can have nice things said about him after he is dead but it is seldom that anyone can hear these oral bouquets while he is living. Jack Reddy formerly boxing promoter in St. Paul and Minneapolis and now a manager had this unusual distinction last month when his friends gathered at the Elks Club at a dinner given in his honor.

Jack deserved all the nice things said about him. He has had a great deal to do with the putting of St. Paul on the pugilistic map, having been manager of Mike O'Dowd, Kewpie Ertle, Billly Miske, Johnny Nichols, Johnny Tillman and many others in the past. For many years he was successfully matchmaker for the St. Paul Boxing Club and fans here have seen many of the stars in action through his efforts.

Talks were given at the dinner by George A. Barton, leading sports writer of the Northwest; Jimmie Potts, Ed. L. Shave, Bill Sailor, former secretary of the Minnesota Boxing Commission; Mike Gibbons, once a star middleweight; and others. Reddy will turn all of his attention to managing boxers in the future and has already signed up a number of promising boys. Among the boys that he has are Dago Joe Gans, middleweight; Ernie Fliegel, featherweight; Jack McCann, heavyweight and Sammy Leonard a lightweight.

North Dakota, the home of Billy Petrolle, Russie Le Roy, Battling Krause and other boys who break into the public prints has a new welterweight in Kid Gow who is bowling them over with great regularity. Gow who is only a youngster has won almost every fight he has engaged in by the kayo route and is bound to be heard from.

Hugo Hezel of Aberdeen, S. D., has a great young middleweight in Howard Liedke who has won almost every fight to date. Hugo has been keeping him in the sticks and has done a wonderful job of building him up although he lost his last fight, to Homer Sheridan of Sioux City. However, Liedke should beat Sheridan in a return bout and it is most likely that they will meet again, this time at Aberdeen.

Stewart McLean of St. Paul and King Tut of Minneapolis, and Billy Petrolle of Fargo versus Johnny O'Donnell of St. Paul would make a wonderful double windup for Johnny Lane's opening show in St. Paul.

Duke Horn, Minneapolis amateur heavyweight under the management of Ed Wolfson has decided to turn professional and will be seen here on one of the early shows.

Jimmie Cashill of St. Paul who is under the management of Ham Schilling of Chicago, is going better now than ever having won three fights during the past month and has made a name for himself in Kansas City. Ham wants a shot at Rocky Kansas, now and as Jimmie did well with Sammy Mandell there is a chance that he would outpoint the champion.

Dago Joe Gans, under the management of Jack Reddy is one fighter that can always be depended on to give the fans a fight. Lately he has fought draws with Mike Dale and Buzz Griffiths and has other bouts booked.

Earl McArthur of Sioux City, who has been boxing about ten years is still able to give the topnotchers a fight. He has met Dave Atler and Sailor Larson recently and has drawn good crowds. Another boy who has always given the fans a fight.

Bob Kennedy of Sioux Falls, S. D., has a good bantam in Dave Atler who has recently met Pal Moore and Earl McArthur in his home town. Dave is a classy battler and is well thought of in South Dakota and it is Kennedy's intention to show him in the Twin Cities this coming year.

King Tut, of Minneapolis, Andy Campion's lightweight, knocked out Frankie Larrabee of Lincoln, Neb., at the Elks Club show in Madison, S. D. Tut has been coming right along having stopped Don Terror Long in Denver and has beaten other equally good boys of late.

Eddie Lewis of Minneapolis beat Johnny Burns of Sioux City at the last show at Madison. Lewis is a flyweight and finds it hard to get work owing to the shortage of flyweights in this section.

Sid Kelly of Milwaukee under the management of Doc Hoffmann is coming great having beaten Harry Soo Quong Bill, Chinese flyweight of Des Moines and Johnny Croak of Chicago. Doc bars no flyweight for his charge and predicts a great future for him.

Dick Watzl of St. Paul, who is under the management of Johnny Creeley of Detroit, gave Freeman Peppers a beating at Chippewa Falls. Watzl is a middleweight and fighter from the first gong.

Foxie Allen, St. Paul featherweight, lost to Ivan Kid Blaettler of Marshfield at Chippewa Falls, Wis. Spotting Blaettler nine pounds and fighting his first fight in six months Allen gave his heavier opponent a great battle. Foxie is not a fancy boxer but he can fight.

Earl Fuller of Oshkosh has closed up his club for the summer months and Doc Gehbe will run outdoor shows until the weather gets too cold. Fuller has had a successful season showing such well known boys as Joe Ortex, Jack Lawrence, Billy Light, Nick Olivia, Wildcat Eddie Mason, Babe Ridley and Billy Shaw.

IN IOWA RINGS

By BOB KAGNER

Harry Soo Quong Bill, chinese flyweight under the management of Dave Fidler of Des Moines has been making great strides in the flyweight ranks and is ready to box any of the leading boys. He gave "Battling" Kid Dugan of Kansas City a neat lacing in ten rounds at Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Jimmy Cashill appeared off form in his bout with Bobby Sowash at Mason City and dropped the decision in a ten round bout there. Cashill had Sowash down for a nine count.

Jimmy Cashill is no doubt one of the best boys in Iowa.

Lefty Louie Mays beat Joe Yanger in the eight round semi-windup of Abe Martins weekly show at Mason City. They are welterweights.

Dandy Miller of Ames, Iowa, and Frankie Smith of Des Moines, Iowa, boxed a fast six round draw at the monthly show for the Des Moines A. C. Miller made a great hit with the fans and the classy little bantam will headline the next card with Alan Shannon of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Buzz Grixths, Sioux City middleweight won over Al Knipp of Waterloo in the eight round main event at Waterloo, Iowa.

Roscoe Hall, former Des Moines lightweight, has made a name for himself on the Pacific Coast. Hall has signed to box G. G. Demsky in the next main event at the Hollywood arena.

Paul Milnar, St. Paul bantam weight and Irish Gilbert Kelly of Chicago boxed ten rounds at Des Moines. Milnar won every round and kept Kelly on the run the entire ten rounds.

Jimmy Ryan, former Iowa lightweight champion, has joined the Junior welterweight ranks. Ryan has had trouble making the lightweight poundage for some time.

Ralph Alexander, the fighting fireman beat George Bourland, Des Moines Iowa, colored heavyweight in eight rounds at Waterloo, Iowa.

Kid Lawson of Des Moines beat Toby Smith of St. Joseph in eight rounds at Des Moines, Iowa. It was Lawson's fight all the way.

Leo Genet, brother of Norman Genet, has made quite a hit in Iowa since Norman has sent the youngster to Des Moines under the care of Dave Fidler. He has won his last five starts and looks like a comer.

Pinkey George, Iowa flyweight champion, won an easy ten round decision over Ed Beal at Marshalltown. George has three important bouts this month. The little "Greek" battler always makes a hit.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOSSIP

One Step Watson, flashy colored welterweight from Omaha, is busy these days. During the past month has beaten Ed Shepard, Ed. Stringham and Wes Ketchell, all of Salt Lake City. On July 5, the Stepper will meet Bernie Irwin from Tulsa.

Tommy Commiskey, Denver welterweight, handed Battling Siki, colored boxer of Omaha, an artistic lacing after the Nebraska invader had seemingly knocked him out.

Teddy Gartin, who holds a verdict over Shuffle Callahan, is now taking a rest.

Ernie Fleigel of St. Paul appeared in a local ring some time ago winning from Frankie West, the Italian Flash.

George Lopez has again taken to the ring after a six months layoff. His oldtime rival, Frankie Levar is now preparing to appear against him at the Olympic Club.

Rex McCarty, one of Tommy Gibbons' pupils, has quit the ring for good.

Many boxers from St. Paul and its twin city Minneapolis have shown in local rings during the past year with various results. Prominent among these have been King Tut, who suffered his first defeat in a Denver ring; Frank Muskie, Ernie Fleigel, Stewart McLean, Joe Azarella, Johnny O'Donnell, Freeman Peppers and Izzy Tanner, the latter has gone to Australia and from all reports is doing well. These boys all showed well and are always popular when they come back for return matches.

Tulsa boxers held sway at the Olympic Club on July 5. Bernie Irwin met One Step Watson, the colored dancing master from Omaha and his brother Tommy Irwin took on Ham Jenkins, another colored flash. In the curtain raiser, Lewis Avery of Tulsa tackled Freddy Albin of Denver.

This four round game is getting tiresome. In the State of Colorado the law reads that there shall be no fight contests calling for more than four rounds. Another phase of this same law is that the District Attorney in each division shall have jurisdiction in his respective locality. Now, in the southern part of the state they have six, eight, ten and twelve round bouts while in Denver the best the promoters can have is four. Denver is a fine fight center and many headliners from the East and other directions could show their wares if it could be done but many of the managers do not wish to risk their boys in a short route for simple reason the boys are not used to it. Efforts have been made for a repeal but with no success.

Charlie Long who appeared in Denver rings last season is to meet Leo Wax who comes from Australia, in a six round bout to be held at Oakland, Cal., on July 30.

Tiger Payne, colored, and formerly from this section of the country is in Australia and doing well.

Sally Kronick of San Francisco lost to Ham Jenkins in a good battle, June 15.

Mike Collins was a recent visitor. He brought Stewart McLean and Johnny O'Donnell on a western tour of the Pacific Coast.

The proposed mixed bout between "Toots" Mondt and Jack Johnson fell through due to legal troubles.

Eddie Mack, featherweight and lightweight champion of the Rockies has started training after a month's layoff. He is now training for a return bout with Jack Kane of Chicago, the only lad to get as much as a draw with Eddie in a Denver arena.

Frankie Fink, Hebrew Texas Ranger, junior lightweight. He celebrated his eastern debut a few weeks ago in impressive style

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

After polishing off Georges Carpentier with comparative ease, Tommy Loughran, South Philadelphia's popular light heavyweight, has been besieged with offers for summer bouts. He had a chance to meet Eddie Huffman at Tia Juana, Mex.; after Carpentier pulled out on account of an injured hand but could not accept as his manager, Joe Smith, had previously arranged another match for the July Fourth date. Loughran would like to get a shot at the winner of the Berlenbach-Delaney battle.

Two days after meeting Napolean Dorval at the Phillies Ball Park, Matt Edgie, West Philadelphia's "Fighting Iceman" was married to Miss Catherine Buchanan. Manager Pete Moran, who looks after Adgie has two or three more outdoor bouts in view for Adgie this summer.

Soon after lifting the U. S. Navy heavyweight championship and also the service title in the Sesqui Centennial tournament, Duke Jachimiak, 190-pounder from the U. S. S. Richmond, turned professional. He has placed hiuself under the direction of Otto Hughes, local gymnasium manager.

Sammy Hahn is busy getting himself a new stable together. One of his latest boys is Johnny Viggi, South Philadelphia middleweight. Still another battler in the Hahn ranks is Jack Slaughter, a heavyweight.

Benny Bass, Philadelphia star featherweight, hopes to triumph over "Honey Boy" Finnegan at Shibe Park in the July 12 windup and then set sail for the bout with champion Kid Kaplan to be staged at the Sesqui Stadium in August. Taylor and Gunnis will stage both of these bouts.

Lew Tendler, Philadelphia's veteran lightweight, who is now a welter, is staging a wonderful comeback. He has won his last five bouts, beating Joe Reno and Basil Galiano on points and stopping Jack McFarland, Dan Boyer and Georgie Russell.

Frankie Vance, 140-pounder, handled by Harry Dollfus, has been coming along with a rush. He recently made a hit in Lancaster when he knocked out Mike Frantz of Coatesville in the first round and also fought Harry (Kid) Ross to a standstill.

Scotty Mc Donald, claimant of the featherweight championship of Scotland, hooked up in another red-hot fight with Len Brenner of Lancaster in a recent windup at the Manayunk open air arena. McDonald won the first battle but Brenner gained the decision in the second.

Harry Blitman, junior national A. A. U. championship in the bantam class, has been indefinitely suspended by the Registration Committee of the Middle Atlantic A. A. U. for competing in an unsanctioned boxing exhibition.

Irving Romm, a Philadelphian, plans to hold weekly outdoor boxing shows at Atlantic City this summer, operating Friday nights. He has lined up a number of the leading Quaker City boxers.

Pete Garber, a junior welterweight, has been going great guns since turning pro. He packs a deadly wallop and has scored nine knockouts in his last thirteen bouts.

After cleaning up virtually all the big fellows on the Pacific Coast, George Godfrey, the colored heavyweight in Jimmy Dougherty's stable, is back east again and looking for trouble from any of the "heavy babies."

Lew Baker, hard hitting lightweight, has resumed training after a lay off of several months owing to an injured arm which he sustained in his bout with Erwin Beige at Trenton.

Jack Palmer and Jack West have been training together at Pennsgrove, N. J. Palmer clashes with Rocky Smith at Atlantic City, July 19, and also has a tentative bout lined up with Jack McVey in New York later in the month.

Max (Boo Boo) Hoff is responsible for Sailor Freedman staging his successful comeback in the last year. When it looked as though the Chicago fighter was about through, Hoff took him in charge and has put him right back in the money.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By sox Pinto

Tommy Kid Murphy continues victories, beating Sammy Vogel in New York City. It was the best fight of the night because of the slowness of Stanislaus Loayza and Jack Bernstein in the main go. Murphy won every round but the eighth in which Vogel commenced a speedy attack that had Murphy worried a little, but Murphy's jabs kept him away.

Tommy jumped on the train after the bout, bound for New Orleans where he beat the pride and joy of the Southern City, in the main bout with Charlie Feraci.

Joe Reno, Trenton's lightweight beat Kid Brooks of Atlantic City at the Northside A. C. in the main 8 round bout. Reno is next going to put his gloves on with Andy Divodi in a semi in Brooklyn.

Young Jack Dempsey of Phily had things his own way with Kid Emmons of Trenton in the feature bout at the Ocean View A. C. in Long Branch. Jack was credited with 7 of the 8 rounds.

In the semi, Charlie Kitsie beat Joe De Fillippo. Kitsie won by his cleaner hitting. It was the best bout of the night, taking the edge off the main bout.

The Arena of Trenton has pulled down the curtain for the summer. The new promoters had little or no success during the past season. Cliff Smith, a former promoter, is seriously thinking of running a few outdoor shows. He claims that will draw many fight lovers in and out of Trenton.

In the first outdoor show of the season held in Philadelphia, Tommy West, Trenton's caveman was knocked out in two rounds by Rocky Smith of Battle Creek, Mich. This is the second time Rocky knocked him out.

Chic Emmons was given a set back in his last fight at the Arena. The trouble with most of our Trenton fighters is that they like the bright lights. Emmons is having his first experience in love.

Nick Fisher, South Trenton's backer of sports managed a well balanced basket ball team this year. He set a record of 18 wins and 2 defeats. He has in the past developed such stars as Jimmy Jackson, Jimmy and Tony Catana, Frank Pate and Fagella.

BITS FROM SYRACUSE

By G. E. SCHARFF

The all star card of the Arena A. C. terminated in a near riot when "Jimmy Goodrich," ex-lightweight champ was awarded the judges' decision over "Jackie Brady," of this city in a 10 round bout, according to the newspaper men at the ringside the worst "Brady" should have received was a draw.

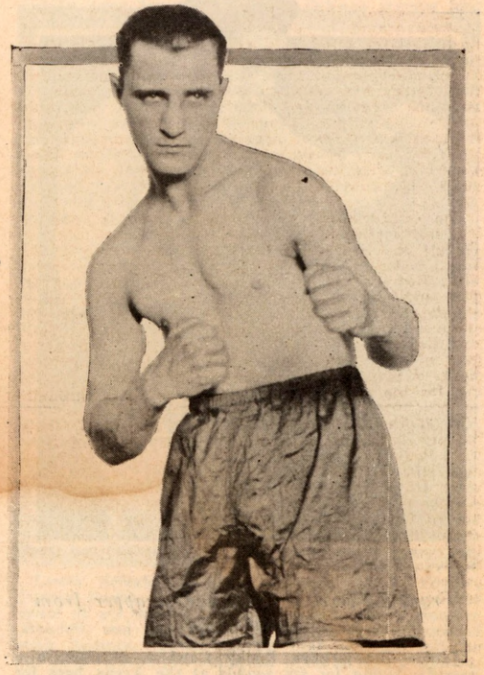
Gabe Genovese, sprung a surprise on the fistic fans here when he announced he had resigned as secretary of the Arena A. C. to manage a stable of high class boxers.

Nick Testo, sensational Troy welter who won his last dozen bouts via the K.O. route, steps out through his manager with a challenge to Joe Dundee or Willie Harmon. Testos latest victims being Irish Tommy Jordan, of N. Y., and "Red Riley" of Albany.

"Jerry the Greek," prominent trainer of Champion Jack Dempsey, is here for a short visit with some friends.

Gafe Genovese who pilots Young Testo, is seriously thinking of taking him to the coast where he has an attractive offer to box Willie Harmon or Tommy Freman.

Jimmie Betts, dapper manager of Billy Leonard, was a little bit too hasty when he signed for Leonard to box Red Herring. Herring battered Leonard from pillar to post, but could not put him away.



Tommy Logan, Chicago welterweight, who is anxious to show in New York rings

Caveman Young Fisher, idol of Italian colony here has just returend from the north woods after taking a much needed rest.

Fisher's next start will probably be with George Courtney, who recently beat Frank Moody, at the Garden.

Charlie Celli, who handles the destinies of Jackie Brady is willing to sacrifice Brady's end of the purse and donate it to charity, if in a return bout Jackie fails to beat Goodrich.

Tommy Dixon, at whose gym all visiting and local boxers work out has a stable of real club fighters in Frankie Tropia, 116 lb., Joey Baker, lightweight and Jess Cox, heavyweight.

Dixons star bantam "Frankie Tropia" fresh from victories over Al Paul, of Buffalo and "Hip Sing Lee," of N. Y. C. expects to be matched with Bushey Graham soon.

Ralph Brady, former lightweight champion of Central, N. Y. whose eyes are giving him considerable trouble, has decided to rest up for a time.

Chick Suggs, New Bedford colored star stopped off at Utica June 21, and K.O.'d Wee Wee Willie Spencer, of N. Y. in 1 round.

Matchmaker Netro had Harry Greb under contract to box here and made a special trip to N. Y. to engage a suitable opponent for Greb, but did not succeed, so he put it off to a later date.

The officials of the Arena A. C. are dickering for a match in which Georges Carpentier, will be one of the principals, according to Marc Buckland, president of the club.

Mike Rogers who used to be a member of the tin eared fraternity is around singing praises for his colored middleweight Bobby Holmes, who is making Syracuse his home.

Bushey Graham, Utica, outpointed Eddie O'Dowd, Columbus, at the Arena here, Elks' week.

The bout was scheduled for 10 rounds but Bill Parr, Graham's manager refused to let him box over six on account of an injured arm. The commission suspended Parr for 30 days.

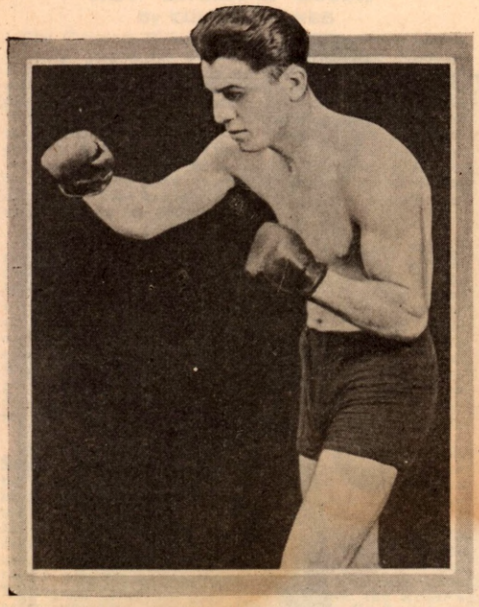
All visiting boxers to this city are welcome at the Dixon Gym, 414 Pearl Street.

Irving Robbins just returned from Chicago where he arranged several matches for his boxers. Robbins has a classy performer in Bobby Moll of Allentown.

Matchmaker Netro is trying to induce Phil McGraw to come to Syracuse for a 10 round tussle with Jackie Brady.

The Arena for its next show have Romero Rojas and King Solomon for the main bout and Nick Young Testo, Troy and Harry Fuller of Buffalo, are to clash in the semi-final.

Canastota Bob, Syracuse K.O. artist will draw a tough one in the person of Carl Courtney, at the next show of Jamestown, A. C.



Frankie Ferro, a 135-pound scrapper from Philadelphia

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IN SOUTH JERSEY

By HARRY DOLLFUS

Jeff Smith, Mt. Holly's Globe Trotter who has been battling for the past sixteen years, participating in over six hundred battles, traveling five hundred thousand miles, has resumed training again after a layoff of six months.

Georgie Amblard, fighting Frenchman, created a surprise when he knocked out the well known Jersey featherweight, Al Holzman of Riverside in six rounds in Atlantic City. A few days later he defeated Mack Murphy of Boston in eight rounds in Philadelphia.

Jack Palmer, of Philadelphia, defeated Kid Brooks of Atlantic City in the eight round star bout in Atlantic City.

Buck Fleming stopped the winning streak of Camden's promising featherweight, Mickey Blair, in ten rounds in the Camden Ball Park. Both boys stood toe to toe and swapped punches for the majority of the rounds. Fleming scored three knockdowns. A week later Fleming displayed his wares in Girardville, Pa., with Young Busch of Shenandoah, in a slam bang affair. Fans of the coal region around Girardville want more of Fleming's fighting.

Harry Ertle, Jersey's prominent referee, has been officiating at the weekly shows in Atlantic City.

Wildwood, another summer resort, opened their doors with a great show, featuring Lew Skymer and Freddy Welsh. The Eagles are conducting these shows for the summer months.

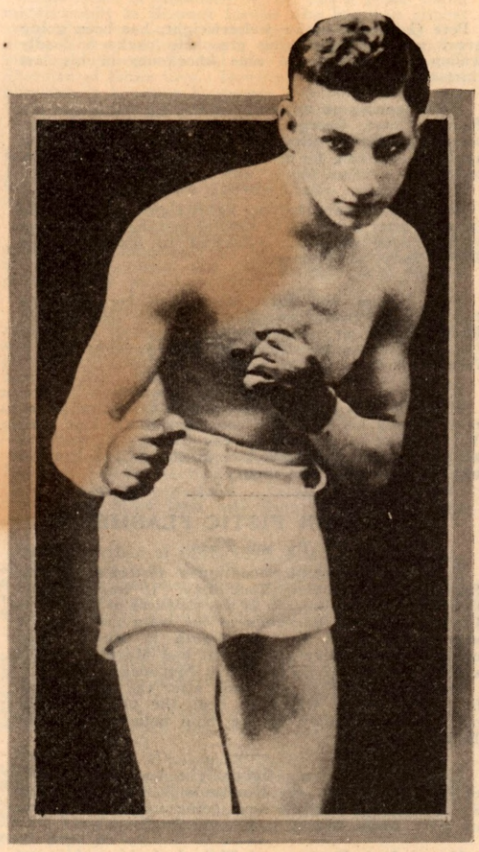
Harry Wills, the Brown Panther, Dempsey's persistent challenger, is now touring the country in exhibition bouts with his sparring partner, Jeff Clarke. They appeared recently in Atlantic City, and drew a capacity gathering at the Northside.

Pete Garber, the south Jersey thunderbolt, was held to a draw by Freddy Washington, in six heats at the Cambria A. C. in Philly. Garber is now after the scalp of Sailor Nick Nichols for the Jersey lightweight honors.

Frankie Vance, junior welterweight from these parts, traveled to Lancaster and fought a great uphill fight with Lancaster hard punching Harry Kid Ross, in eight rounds. Vance is now on the trail of Sammy Moffo, Roxie Allen and Lew Skymer.

Jimmy Kelly, seashore jumping jack, scored an impressive victory over Johnny Martin in six heats.

Charley Kid Murray, who won the A. E. F. Light weight Championship, has been fighting with great success around these parts. Murray can be recalled for his great victories over such outstanding fighters as Eddie Fitzsimmons, Ivy Jack Eshelman, Dick



Lew Tendler, Philadelphia southpaw who is doing well in his comeback

Conlin, Mickey Papner, Johnny Mealy, Georgie Russell, Joe Tiplitz, Morrie Schlaiffer, Battling Willard, Tim Droney, Young Jack Dempsey and other outstanding lightweights.

Roxie Allen, Camden's lightweight contender, outpointed Jackie Hindle of Gloucester, another local lad, in ten round star bout of the opening open air show at Fairview.

Scotty McDonald, sensational fighting Scot, has been going like a house afire here. At Manayunk, a suburb of Philadelphia, against Len Brenner of Lancaster, he fought eight furious rounds. The Scotsman began to show great punching ability in the last two rounds and if the bount had been of longer duration, Scotty would have scored a knockout. The promoter lost no time in rematching these boys.

Willie Davies, Charleroi flyweight, added Pee Wee Ross to his long list of victories when he outpointed him in ten rounds at Fairview.

Freddy Boylestien of Pittsburgh defeated Eddie Fisher of Riverside in eight fast sessions.

K. O. Tampa, Atlantic City's colored middleweight contender for Tiger Flowers' crown, succumbed from no injury suffered from the ring, but while training for a bout here in Atlantic City. He collapsed after training from a blood clot on the brain and died.

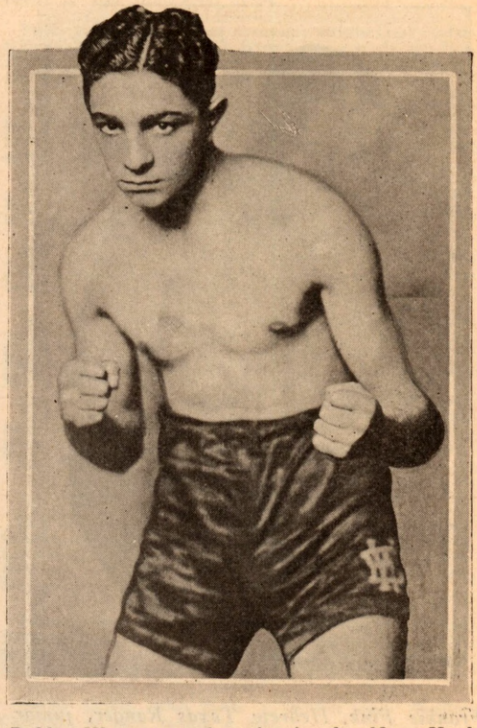
Jack Stanley, Camden's prominent manager, has a group of fighting prospects. Tommy Langdon, 122, Danny O'Neil, 118, and Jack Kid Riech 126 pounds are among them. Stanley also looks after the conditioning for Tommy Loughran's important fistic scraps in Philadelphia.

Gene Moratti, who Al Jannatty is bringing along the welterweight front at a hurricane clip, has scored eleven knockouts in sixteen starts.

Young Jack Dempsey, who now looms up as the dark horse for Pete Latzo's new welterweight laurels, has been winning consistently. He just scored three more victories in Newark where he is a big card, when he took into camp Paul Doyle, Jack McFarland, and Phil Krug, in succession. The Newark promoters have promised Dempsey first call at Latzo's new diadem.

Johnny Oakey, Camden's fast rising middleweight met his first decisive set-back at the hands of Jack Palmer in eight rounds of great fighting. Palmer held the upper hand in most of the eight sessions. He had Oakey down for the count in the sixth round.

Lew Skymer, Camden's lightweight pride, easily defeated Artie McCann of Phila. in eight rounds in the semi-final.



Bobby Wagner, a favorite in the New York armories

Jack Valentine has added Joe Leckish, Mendell Bailus's sparring partner, to his management. Joe is a terrible socker.

Mendell Bailus, the crushing Cossack heavyweight, met a tartar in a tough Gob, Submarine Kelly, in eight rounds at Gloucester. He put a check to Mendell's knockout streak. Mendell floored Kelly for nine counts but Kelly proved to be another Joe Grim. A week later Mendell fought in Hammonton and stowed away Red Salmon in two rounds.

Willie Clarke, who won the Olympic middleweight championship in 1920, is now devoting his time teaching the younger boys the manly art of self defense over in Philadelphia, at Prof. Herman's Gym. Clarke has a number of good prospects.

Frankie Vance scored two more victories in as many nights when he easily defeated Phil Rackow of Pottsville in eight rounds at Norristown, and the following night exhibited his fast punching ability to win over the tough Johnny Jacumis in eight rounds at Lancaster in a one-sided bout.

Mickey Larkin, South Jersey flyweight contender, added another victory to his long list when he easily defeated Willie Seiple in eight rounds in Lancaster. The Camden promoters are now negotiating for the services of Fidel LaBarba and Frankie Genaro for Larkin.

New open air promoters of the Bacharach Ball Park in Atlantic City, got off to a bad start owing to a substitute in the windup. Willie Greb of Scranton was biled to appear against Lew Tendler, but Greb sustained an injury to one of his hands a few days previous in Scranton, so Georgie Russell filled in his place and lasted six rounds.

Billy Pimpus and Tony Russo, two local lads, put up a great hair-raising scrap for eight rounds in the semi-windup.

Battling Mack, Camden's war horse, has started training again. He feels he has a few more fights left in him.

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IN THE SOUTHWEST
By JIMMY ERWIN

Big increase in boxing throughout the Southwest. The entire Southwest seem's to be flourishing with first class boxing shows. New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona all seem to be having their full share of boxing bouts, and judging from the calibre of boxers being used by the various clubs the promoters are really giving their patrons some first class fight cards.

El Paso, Texas, leads the other cities in the matter of individual attendance. Three fight clubs are going in El Paso and Juarez, Mexico.

While boxing is illegal in the Lone Star State, still the El Paso fans can have their fistic entertainment furnished them right in their own back yard, as Fort Bliss is located just a couple of miles from the city, and as boxing is permissible on the Military Reservation, the local fans journey out to the Fort Bliss Stadium every Tuesday night to watch the boys don the padded mitts.

In addition to the Fort Bliss Army fight plant, the El Paso National Guard and American Legion have combined and have organized a membership boxing club right in the heart of the city. The National Guard can hold bouts in its Armory without coming in conflict with the Texas State Law.

Juarez, situated just across the river from El Paso, has a big fine Coliseum, just recently erected by a syndicate of Juarez and El Paso business men. Johnny McIntosh well known boxing and wrestling promoter is handling the matching. The Coliseum is the largest arena in the Southwest, having a seating capacity of twelve thousand.

The Bliss Club is being handled by Major Ortroski, a very capable official.

The National Guard Armory arena is under the personal direction of Nate Cordova. Matchmaker Cordova is a real live hustler.

Jack Depmsey, Jack Johnson, Jack Lynch, Johnny McCoy, Nobe Cervantes, Bob Lawson, Nick, Mortio, Joe Rivers, Tillie Herman, are a few of the boys who performed at the various clubs in the El Paso district.

Phoenix, Arizona, is coming into the fistic lime light. Willie Hunnefelt is doing the promoting in that city. Hunnefelt is a veteran. At one time he was a good lightweight.

New Mexico has two clubs running at irregular intervals. Dan Ortiz operates the Santa Fe Club in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Boxing shows are occasionally held in Albuquerque under the guidance of George Ringling, well known sportsman of that city. Albuquerque is a real live wire fight town.

Promoter Dan Ortiz of Santa Fe stages about one show a month. Eddie Mack Denver featherweight generally occupies the role of main eventer on the Santa Fe fight program.

Johnny McCoy, Nobe Cervantes, Tille Herman, Nick Mortio, Mike Vasquez, Joe Rivers, Sammy Sandows

TEXAS AND MEXICO
By DON CEE

Chuck Burns, the "San Antone Socker" of San Antonio, Texas, administered a beating to Joe Lohman of Toledo, Ohio, at the Ft. Sam Houston Stadium at San Antonio, Texas, on June 24. Burns sprawled Lohman on the canvas twice in the seventh round.

With Lieutenant H. P. Killpack of the Army Post and Jack Shelton of San Antonio having two big shows per month each, the Alamo City fans are enjoying some big treats.

Wild cat Monte, Wichita Falls, Texas, lived up to his pet name again at the Block Stadium, San Antonio, Texas, June 23, when he romped home with a ten-round decision over Bobby Fernandez, the sensational little Mexican fighter from Monterey, Mexico.

Kid Pancho Flores of San Antonio, at this writing is in Mexico City for a twelve-round bout against his old rival, Kid Lencho of Eagle Pass, Texas. These two little gamesters have met several times with honors fairly even.

Jack Shelton, who promotes in Block Stadium, San Antonio, has made overtures to both Tony Fuente and Chuck Burns for a bout here.

Newspapermen's opinion was divided on the Duke Tramell-Dummy Mahan ten-round bout at San Antonio on June 23, with the majority favoring the Dummy for a close decision over his north Texas rival. It was a great fight.

Sam Jordan, the hustling little manager from Toledo, Ohio, invaded Texas during the month of June with his gang of good mitt wielders and made quite an impression. Sam's money makers at the present time are Joe Lohman, his light heavyweight, and Chief Metoquah. But his future meal ticket lies in little Charlie Lupica, a slashing little junior lightweight. Lupica is a great little Italian fighter.

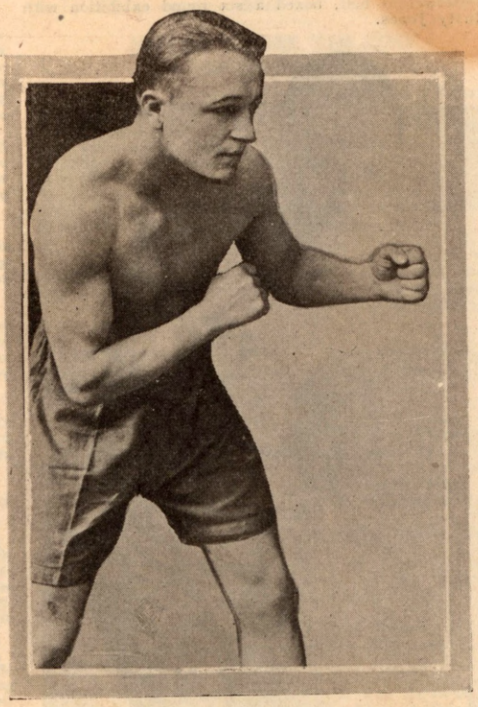
Tommy Pickert, formerly of Memphis, all points South and West, a good little ex-bantamweight boxer, but now an excellent actor, is back in San Antonio with the Lytle Company of "Royal Follies." He is putting on black face acts which knock his audiences cold.

Tommy White, the Texas City welterweight Bearcat, has had a steady stream of victories flowing his way the past few months. His most recent ones were over Clyde Hull at Wichita Falls, Texas; Young Leonard at Baton Rouge, La., and Speedy Sparks at Wichita Falls.

Pal Moore, the little Memphis veteran bantamweight, gave young Kid Lencho of Eagle Pass, Texas, a boxing lesson in a ten-round bout at San Antonio.

Mickey Genero, the junior lightweight from Waterbury, Conn., has been stopping off in Texas for several months. He has turned in a series of victories here. His most recent victories were over Kid Gilbert and Al Mayhan, little Mexican performers.

Kid Lencho's last two knockouts over Kid Pancho stamp him as a championship prospect in the bantamweight division. Lencho is a mere kid yet and undeveloped, but with another year's experience, he will give the foremost contenders for the crown a stiff argument.



Johnny Harko, Philadelphia featherweight

Al Edwards, th rotund little manager of George Sanders of Little Rock, Ark., is the champion barnstorming manager of the Southwest.

Manager Don Curley, the able director of the ring destinies of "Chuck" Burns' the "Santone Socker"; Chief Elkhart, Tommy White and a few more of the celebrated cauliflower growers of the Southwest and Mexico, reports full steam ahead on all his boys. His light heavyweight star, Burns, has offers to meet Jimmy Delaney, Georges Carpentier, Tony Fuente, Bert Colima and Jack Lynch in the several states of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Mexico.

FLORIDA WEST COAST

Boxing is still drawing well on the West Coast of Florida these hot summer months. St. Petersburg is by far the best town for the boxers. The American Legion is staging weekly shows in Petersburg and is getting out good crowds. Mr. Dorine, matchmaker for the Legion, with the help of Billy Jinks, have been putting on some real good scraps.

Tampa also is putting on fights, but the attendance in Tampa has decreased, due to the fact that very poor matches have been put on this year. Hillaro Martinez, the Spanish lightweight, proved himself a strong attraction, but outside of him, the promoters have been losing money on their weekly shows.

Billy Jinks of Tampa, who has the distinction of handling the largest stable of fighters below the Mason and Dixon line, is a very busy person looking after his stable of leather pushers. Jinks is keeping the boys busy.

His two outstanding battlers, Tommy Jones, claimant of the 126 southern title, and Tony Leto, undisputed Southern premier 118 pounder and one of the cleverest little fellows in the South are the bright stars of his stable.

Young Manuel of Tampa is another promising youngster. Manuel is a southpaw weighing around 130 pounds. He is a clever performer. His recent victory over Joe Cook of New Orleans stamps him as a good boxer.

IN NEW ORLEANS
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

When Frank Moody, English middleweight knocked out Toney Marullo last month in Syracuse he gave local fans, as well as fans from all over the country, the biggest shock of the year. Marullo was thought to be punch-proof, but Moody proved that a fighter cannot go along and take beatings the way Toney did and last long. It was surprising to see Toney stand up under some of the punches at the hands of Delaney, Berlenbach and others.

"Pops" Marullo, father-manager of Toney, states that his son was stricken with an attack of appendicitis and Toney went in the ring against Moody in pain. "Pops" states that he is willing to bet everything he possesses that Moody cannot turn the trick again.

A new boxing club was granted a license by the La. State Boxing Comm. last month. It is the New Southern A. C. and Lou Giefers is the matchmaker. Giefers knows the boxing game from A to Z and he is a real high-class fellow. He staged the Martin Burke and Frank Moody fight here last month.

Joe Lewis, local lightweight, under the management of Red Walsh, who developed Pete Herman, Basil Galiano and other high-class fighters, is the best young fighter in New Orleans at present. Lewis engaged in four fights last month and all were tough ones, but Joe came through victorious in every one.

Lewis defeated Noble Cervantes, Monk Fowler, Jimmy Smith, Jack Quinn, Charlie Pitts all in the space of six weeks. Joe is a former pal of Sammy Mandell, and was raised in the same neighborhood with Sammy. Lewis thinks that Mandell will be the next lightweight champion when he meets Kansas.

Pal Moran is back in town and he will probably be seen in action against the winner of the Jack Lewis vs. Tommy (Kid) Murphy bout, which takes place the early part of this month. Pal looks great and seems to have regained his old confidence.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Trenton, N. J. lightweight made one of the biggest hits of any visiting fighter in the past few years. Murphy easily defeated Charlie Feraci in a twelve-round bout here last month. Murphy has a style that New Orleans fans just crave, a boring-in type of fighter. He is sure to be brought back win, lose or draw.

Joe Matranga, local lightweight, has just returned from London, Paris and Germany. Joe spent several months over in Europe, but did not engage in any bouts, as he made it strictly a pleasure trip. Metranga will get into action next month against some good Eastern lightweight.

The best young fighters in New Orleans at present, boys who are sure to go far in fistic racket, are Milton Mangûno, Johnny McNally, Earl Bascle, Gus Betz and "Big Boy" Peterson. McNally and Bascle have defeated the last six opponents that they have faced.

Betz and Peterson are heavyweights. Both are fast for big fellows and they possess a powerful punch. They are sure to make the big fellows hustle in a year or two.

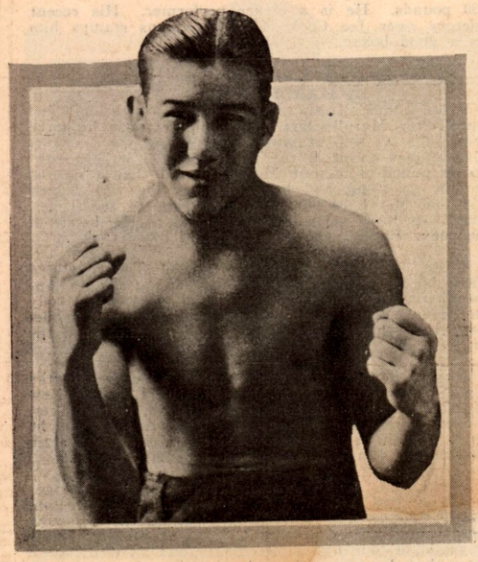
Johnny Cox, local fistic manager and press-agent Deluxe, has invaded the East and will be gone for sometime. Cox has a real good fighter in the person of Farmer Joe Cooper, a junior-welterweight, who has defeated the last twelve opponents that he has met. Cooper was matched with Mickey Walker, July 5th, but the latter lost his title, so the promoters in Indianapolis cancelled the show. Cooper has a pleasing style and is sure to make a hit anywhere he shows.

Red Hill, local middleweight, who has boxed such topnotchers as Jimmy Finley, Tommy Freeman, Mickey Forkins, Anthony Downey and others, has joined the stable of Phil Gaffney and Gus Doll. Hill and Freeman staged one of the bloodiest fights ever witnessed in a New Orleans ring. Freeman states in a recent interesting article that appeared in the Ring that his bout with Hill was the toughest of his career.

Gaffney and Doll also have a corking good featherweight in the person of Joe Cook. Cook boxed Lombardo twice last month down in Panama. Joe also holds wins over Jack Griff, Bobby Hughes, Frankie Rice, Pedro Campo and others. Phil and Joe will be in New York the early part of this month. Fans and promoters take my tip, this Cook can FIGHT.

K. O. White, negro middleweight, who makes his home just a few miles out of New Orleans, defeated Wolcott Langford here last month, but the affair was called a draw. White seemed to many as a sure winner. White has not been defeated in fifty-one fights and among those that he defeated are Sailor Darden, Eddie Palmer, Battling Ferdie and others. He is a real fighter and will be seen in the East sometime this year or next.

Fighters and managers, desirous of getting matches in New Orleans or other Southern cities can be furnished information by the writer, addressing him at Miles-Moran Gymnasium, 928 Poydras St., New Orleans, La.



Kid Lencho, a good lightweight who hails from San Antonio

KIRRA, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA

By R. A. CUMES

Billy Grime retained his lightweight title by knocking out Bert McCarthy in the eighth round at the Melbourne Stadium.

Teddy Siedman, American featherweight had his first contest in Australia at Sydney on June 5. The Filipino, Fernandez was his opponent. Siedman showed up well.

Sunny Jim Williams and Len Johnson have signed up for a return bout. Williams got a points decision last time.

Harry Stone, veteran American lightweight is still dabbling in the game. Recently, he lost to Stan Craig on what he considered a questionable decision.

Paul Demsky, the Queenslander who is on his way to the States, was beaten by Pelkey at Manila recently.

Harry Collins' next battle will be a return match with the clever English darkie, Len Johnson.

IN KANSAS

By WILLIAM PATRICK

The Wichita American Legion staged a card of three bouts with all three ending in knockouts. Kid Starlight stopped Charleston King in four rounds; Jimmy Cashill knocked out Meyer Horowitz, sixth round and George Manley scored a K. O. over George Delaney in four rounds.

Jerry Lasker Kay-See middleweight, beat Sid Young in ten rounds at Tonkawa, Oklahoma, May 31.

At Topeka Kid Horowitz and Tommy Wells boxed four rounds to a draw. Tommy Maroon beat Kid Dugan in six rounds; Frankie Larrabee beat Nick Olivia in eight rounds and Charlie Pitts boxed ten rounds to a draw with Bobby O'Shea in the main event.

Stewart McLean beat Bud Hamilton in four rounds at Denver.

At Pittsburgh, Young Ketchell and Baxter Kid, fought a draw, Earl Cecil beat Kid McCoy and Johnny Waggoner knocked out Tiger Tedlock in two rounds.

At Atchinson, Battling Clemmons beat Jack Fell in ten rounds and Sergeant Lettner knocked out Paul Rickard in two rounds.

Walter Page and Eddie Dwyer fought a ten round draw at Dodge City.

Charlie Pitts, lightweight of the Jay Thomas stable, defeated Bobby Vincent lightweight champion of Oklahoma in ten rounds at Oklahoma City.

Jay J. Thomas, boxing promoter-editor-author and manager of boxers, has two promising youngsters under his wing in Joe Ciro and Pat Corbett. Joe Ciro is a hard punching bantam who seldom fails to win while Pat Corbett the "Fighting Irishman" is so fast and clever that, he is on his opponent from the first bell until the last. He doesn't give his opponents an opportunity to land a solid blow. Jay Thomas with his stable of boxers and writing has kept Kay-See on the fistic map since the world war.

Jack London, welterweight from Hutchinson, has moved to Kansas City. Jack was discovered by Pat Corbett, who distinguished himself around these parts by sensational wins over Larry Cappo, Jack Silva and Benny Flint, the "Fighting Irishman," was so impressed by this fast one that he had Jack move to Kansas City so Jay Thomas could coach him and teach him a few tricks. Jack is a hard hitter but needs experience, he has only had four fights winning all by the K. O. route.

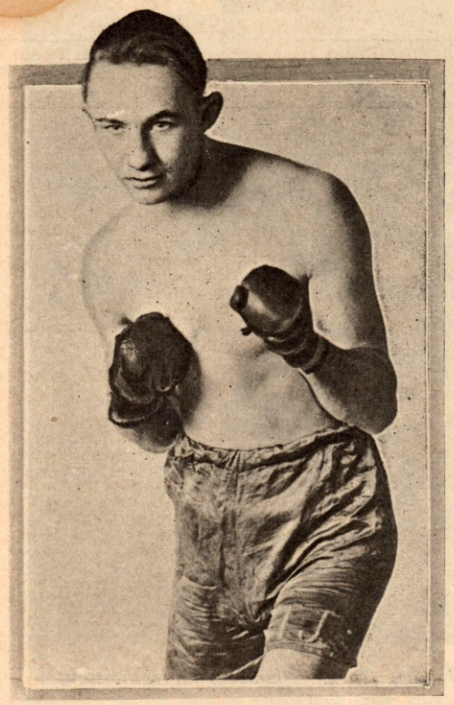
Jack Stacy has promised Manager Pete Goosens to cut out the gay life. He is training hard every day with Joe Ciro, Pat Corbett and Johnny Waggoner at the Eagles' gymnasium.

Charlie Pitts knocked out Tommy Edwards in two rounds at Springfield, Mo., this being Pitts' third bout in a month.

Ray Morris, jovial Kay-See manager, is handling Jimmy Cashill now. He has Jimmy boxing Bobby Vincent lightweight champion of Oklahoma at Wichita soon. Cashill looks good in the gym and Ray says he is even better in the ring, if so he should win over Vincent.

Jimmy Kramer is training at the Eagles' gymnasium and wants matches with Pat Corbett, Larry Cappo or any of the welterweight hereabouts.

At Kansas City, Joe Ciro, holder of the Cudahy A. C. bantamweight championship belt of the middle west, boxed a four round exhibition with Frankie Civella and Pat Corbett, holder of the Cudahy A. C. welterweight belt, boxed a six round exhibition with Rusty Jones.



Irish Tommy Jordan, South Brooklyn lad, one of the best looking prospects in the welterweight division. He packs a good wallop

Pete Goosens, who usually has one of his boys on every card staged in these parts, is driving a new Chevrolet coach.

Johnnie Husong, one of the best referees in the country, was a visitor in Kay-See recently.

Kid Maultbie, Wichita bantamweight has been resting the past month but is ready for action now according to Manager R. F. Turk. He would like a return match with Joe Ciro. The two fought to a draw in their last outing.

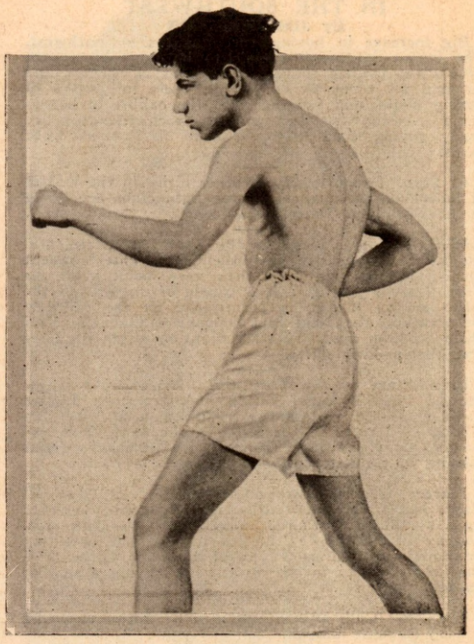
C. E. King Hutchinson, boxing promoter, is going to stage a Dave Shade vs. Pat Corbett bout soon. Supporters of the "Fighting Irishman" say he will beat Shade.

Tommy Dixon, well known referee has gone to Colorado for the summer and will be a massuer in a health resort there.

IN MILWAUKEE

Harry Kahn, local lightweight, has started a campaign to try and force some of the top notchers to meet him. Harry cannot understand why lightweights of the first division should pass him up after he has beaten boys like Sid Barberian, Billy Bortfield, Jimmy Ryan and others. Fred Saddy, manager of Kahn, has offered to give any boy in the division a side wager of $1,000, just to show that he has confidence in Kahn's ability. Just now he is busy challenging Billy Petrolle, Tommy O'Brien and Phil McGraw.

With Joe Dundee stopping Mickey Walker, the friends of Pinky Mitchell are beginning to hanker for a bout with the new titleholder. Pinky gave Dundee the battle of his life at Philadelphia last year.



Wild Cat Eddie Mason, a featherweight from St. Paul, Minn.

Mike Cieanicalo, local Italian welterweight, looks promising. Mike has just emerged from the amateur ranks and made a splendid showing in his first battle. One thing Mike should do if he intends to fight in the pro ranks—change his name.

Joe Sielaff, who made quite a hit here the past two years as a lightweight, has started training with Pinky Mitchell and will re-enter the ring before long. Joe had trouble with his teeth and had ten of them yanked out. Now he feels better and says he will do better than ever before when he gets going.

Joey Clein, who recently fought Doc Snell, Eddie Anderson and Joey Sangor, will have another tough boy to handle at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., when he meets Merle Atle, the Indianapolis featherweight.

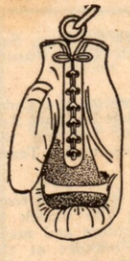
Joey Weiss, former amateur star of the Milwaukee Athletic Club, will tackle hard game for a starter in Chicago when he bumps up against Ernie Peters of that city. Peters is an Indian and a very good flyweight. The winner will get a chance against either Peter Gaudes, Canadian champion, or his stepbrother—Sid Kelly.

K. O. Lenard, of Chicago, bantamweight, has sent a challenge here to Joey Sanger. These boys met over a year ago in Ohio and there was some dispute as to who won. Now Lenard is anxious to have it out with the Milwaukee boy and offers to meet him any place and for any purse.

Tommy O'Brien, who has been winning over the best lads on the Coast, writes friends here that he expects to come to Milwaukee in the near future and engage in a match or two. Tommy got his start in Milwaukee and cleared up over $20,000 during his two years of boxing.

Vince Moha, brother of Bob, and manager of Al Kubiak, wants to match his protege against Norman Genet or Johnny Klesch of Ohio. Kubiak has shown good form around here and is about ready for a real test of his ability.

Jewelry Boxing Articles



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GEORGIA FISTIC NEWS

By COLEMAN McGRILL

A young fighter who will prove a rival some day of Young Stribling, is working quietly in the woods of Georgia. Battling Finch, who is being handled by the able Ed Alexander, manager of fighters in Savannah, Ga., is his name, Finch has been knocking out all opposition. He has scored 14 consecutive knockouts in 20 fights. He has lost only one decision, however, he turned the tables on the lad who was awarded the verdict over him when the battler scored a two round knockout. Finch's last fight was held in St. Petersburg, Fla., where he kayoed Hal Jarvis in four rounds.

Larry Avera, southern junior welter champion, is going great these days. Avera has been toppling the boys over right handy. His latest victim was Tommy Quinn in 10 rounds.

In a return bout between Tommy Jones, claimant of the southern 126 pound title, Jones convinced the blond battler from Chicago, Ray Miller, that he is his master when the little Macon youngster gave Miller a sound thrashing in ten rounds.

Hollis Sullivan and Baby Stribling will probably collide at an early date in an Atlanta bout. Sullivan should be meeting better boys than he has been. The little fellow is just about ripe to step out.

Benny Regan lost a decision to Tony Leto of Tampa, Fla., in a scheduled ten round bout.

Ted Goodrich, who boxed in Atlanta as a youngster, and is now making his home in Jacksonville, Fla., is going like a house afire. Since Fearles Ferns has undertaken the management of Goodrich, he has returned to his old form. He recently won over Bogie Saab.

Fearles Ferns has forsaken the ring since departing from Atlanta and is staging weekly boxing shows for the Florida National Guard in Jacksonville, Fla. Ferns has been giving the fans there some real fine shows.

Frankie Gardini, Ohio's premier 130 pounder has returned to his native state to consult a surgeon about his hands. The little Italian boxer has been handicapped with brittle bones. His manager, Max Abelson, intends to rest him this summer.

Dick White, Columbus, Ga. middleweight, is another young Georgian who is going at a great pace. White scored a victory over the Walloping Wop recently. Previous to his fight with the Walloper he defeated Jack Dennesey easy.

Boots Antley, Columbus, Ga. southpaw lightweight, invaded New York but did not do so well in his two initial performances. Antley blew the referee decision to Bruce Flowers in ten rounds, later losing a decision to Harry Cook in ten, and then dropped a match in the Garden to Billy Cook, of Buffalo.

Tommy Jones, Billy Jinks and George Price are planning a trip East at an early date. Jones is known to the Gotham fight fans as he displayed his wares on numerous occasions when he was in the Walk Miller stable.

Frankie Gardini scored a five round knockout victory over Ben Ray, Columbus, Ga. lightweight.

Billy Lutz has his gigantic heavyweight, K. O. Dugan matched with Benny Touchstone in an Atlanta ring at an early date.

NOTES FROM TOLEDO

By JIM HENRICKS, JR.

A scheduled 12-round bout here on June 2 between Joe Packo of Toledo, and Billy Peterson of Detroit, ended rather abruptly in the ninth frame when Peterson received a blow to his midsection and claimed a foul. Much doubt was expressed among sport writers and spectators as to whether or not the blow was low, but Peterson was awarded the verdict. It was plain to be seen that Packo was winning at the time of the alleged foul.

Lou Bloom, Ohio State University student, won from Russell Bradford, of Detroit, in the eighth round semi-final, and Tommy Ryan, of Toledo, gave Lammy Critchley, also of Toledo, a severe pasting in another eight-rounder.

Chuck Feldman, of Toledo, shaded Tony Ross, of Monroe, Mich., in twelve rounds here on June 9. The bout was a tame affair.

The preliminaries, however, furnished some real entertainment. Midget Mike Moran, of Pittsburgh, and Jose Ortez, of Milwaukee, engaged in a hard fought eight-round contest with honors about even. Frankie Spiegel, of Milwaukee, defeated Tiger Joe Herman, of Cleveland, in another eight-rounder.

Jack Duffy, Toledo's fast stepping junior lightweight, scored a victory over Al Corbett, of Cleveland, in twelve fast rounds here on June 17. Both boys displayed much cleverness but the Toledoan held a substantial lead at the finish.

Al Meyers, of Detroit, and Lou Bloom, of Columbus, traveled eight torrid rounds to a draw in the semi-final.

Jose Ortez, Milwaukee Mexican, was awarded the verdict on a foul from Bobby Rendely, of Toledo, in the ninth of a scheduled ten-round bout here on June 23.

Tiger Joe Herman, of Cleveland, sprung a surprise by administering a sound trimming to Midget Mike Moran, of Pittsburgh, in ten rounds. Babe Keller, of Cleveland, and Frankie Spiegel, of Milwaukee, finished with honors even in another ten-rounder.

FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

By PATSY DONOVAN

Open air boxing on the outskirts of Washington has been resumed at the Kennelworth Arena with Heinie Miller as the Matchmaker.

Eddie Buell of the Pacific Coast and Terry O'Day fought eight fast rounds to a draw at the Congressional Country Club on May 28. Buell who has boxed all the good ones on the West Coast looked like the goods against the clever O'Day. Sammy Hogan and Joe Piscatella boxed a six round draw and Toney Cortex bested Jack Skinner in six rounds.

Jack Kendrick, local light heavyweight won on a foul from Lindsay Bass in the first round in their scheduled ten rounder at Portsmouth, Va., on May 29. Kendrick and Bass were looked upon to put up a real slugging match when the untimely low punch landed. The boys will meet again in the near future.

Frank Dane, local promoter, formerly of Boston, was found guilty of violating the anti-prizefighting law here and has been sentenced to serve three years in the penitentiary. Dane has appealed the case and everyone is pulling for him to win out. The sentence came as a shock as the case was looked on as merely a test case, it being the first one ever to go to court here. Dane has many friends throughout the country and has received many offers of help from some of the big boys in the boxing game.

Joe Bashara shaded Mike Hector in the feature twelve rounder at the Kennelworth Arena on June 3. Hector had a slight shade in the early rounds but Bashara more than evened things up in the later rounds. The bout was ruled a draw much to the surprise of the large crowd, although the decision in this manner did not hurt either fighter, all local papers gave Bashara the edge. Eddie Buell was forced to stop after boxing four rounds with Joey Kaplin, in the third round. Buell's eye was cut and in administering colodion to the injured optic some of the same got into the eye and made Eddie practically blind. Eddie fought one round in this manner and had a shade also in this round, but owing to his blinded condition his manager refused to let him continue. Buell received a wonderful hand on leaving the ring. Terry O'Day bested Frankie Frager as he pleased. Sammy Hogan lost to Paul Bruen and Joe Gerber knocked out Kid Ryan.

IN EL PASO AND VICINITY

By CHUCK SWAN

Eyes of the fight fans are rapidly becoming focused on El Paso, Texas, as the new Juarez Coliseum, just across the Rio Grande, has staged some interesting bouts, including a Dempsey exhibition, and the Jack Johnson-Bob Lawson mill.

The Johnson-Lawson contest was witnessed by nearly 10,000 fans. That's a crowd in any man's league, and it speaks well for the future of the mitt throwing game in this neck of the woods.

But, better things are in store for the fans. John McIntosh, canny Scot, who is managing the arena, is dickering with Scotty Montieth for a shot with his champ, Kid Kaplan, with Sammie Sandow, the veteran Cincinnati featherweight.

Sandow presents one of the most interesting comebacks in the history of the sport. Boxing for nearly 12 years, Sammie came to El Paso, promptly proceeded to slip the old K. O. to the boys, and is now resting on top of the world. He meets Frankie Monroe, keen witted and speedy coast feather, Sunday, June 6. Two weeks later, June 20, Sammie is signed to box Joe Rivers.

Three fight clubs are running, the National Guard armory, Fort Bliss and the Coliseum. The Armory, the smallest in the lot, has witnessed some sensational fights. The fans here are rabid fans and a real fighter gets hearty support. El Paso is an A1 boxing city.

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Phil McGraw, young rubber man from Detroit, who is making loads of money. He is one of the busiest scrappers in the business

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILTON BARON

Havana boxing fans are kept on the go these days. With two and three shows a week, all star programs, they can't afford to miss a fight. The only fault is that the Arena Colon, where most of the fight are held, is not large enough, with the result that numerous fans are turned away. The United Promoters Corp., and Santos & Artigas are the two leading promoters.

Jim Moran, Spanish welter, and Boggie Saab from Florida, were the principals in the star bout given by the United Promoters on May 26. Boggie, though not much of a boxer, demonstrated that he is one of the toughest men that ever stepped into a Havana ring. Moran hit Saab with everything but the bucket, but Boggie just laughed it off and came back for more. Moran won the decision.

Angel Diaz, Cuban featherweight champ, dropped a close decision to Arthur Shakels, Belgium lightweight. Shakels was too clever for Diaz, but the Cuban's aggressiveness combined, with plenty of stiff punches, had Shakels roller skating all through the battle.

Aramis Del Pino, crack local lightweight, knocked out Thomas Cola from Spain, in the sixth round of a fought tilt. Aramis demonstrated in this fight, that he is a strong contender for the Cuban lightweight crown now worn by Cirilin Olano, because Olano recently took a 10 round lacing from Thomas Cola.

Enriquito Valdes, local flyweight, was given a decision over LuisVallespin who hails from Spain. Vallespin had put up a good fight, and a draw would certainly have been favoring the local boy.

Fast Black, St. Louis welterweight, boxed six rounds to a draw with Augustin Lillo, Cuban battler. Fast Black certainly has made a hit here. He has't lost a decision in his six fights in Havana.

Black Bill, pride of Cuba, and contender for the world's flyweight title, boxed a 12 round draw with Willie Davies, Charleroi flyweight. Bill, who previously lost to Davies in Philadelphia, proved in their second meet that he can defeat Davies, but the Cuban boy has been suffering with a bad left hand for the past few weeks and was unable to use it. In the seventh round Bill had Davies on the verge of a knockout, but could not finish his man on account of the bad left hand. These boys will probably be rematched, and watch Black Bill romp home an easy winner.

Cirilin Olano, Cuban lightweight king, made a strong comeback when he defeated the tough Eugene Fernandez. Olano, who only weighed 130 against 137 for Fernandez, won every round. Cirilin made good use of a one two punch, and kept jabbing his opponent all around the ring. Olano will shortly be seen in action with a good American lightweight.

Kid Charol, Cuba's contender for the middleweight crown, successfully defended his title against Ricardo Alis the Spanish champion. Alis took a terrific beating, and was on the canvas in the first and second round. In the fourth canto, with two right hooks to the chin, a left uppercut and a right cross, Charol had his man helpless, and Alis' seconds tossed the towel in to save their man from further punishment.

Rolleaux Saguero, lightheavyweight king, was declared winner by foul over Clemente Sanchez. Sanchez gave a good account of himself, but was cautioned several times by the referee, Fernando Rios, for hitting low. In the eighth round, Sanchez hit the champion low and was disqualified. Rolleaux, a south paw of fair ability, is sure to hold the title for some time yet, as their are very few contenders in this division.

Paquito Miro, local bantam, knocked out Kid Forcade in three rounds. Miro who recently was knocked out by Kid Salgado, is coming back strong and will be fighting the best boys around here shortly.

Nicasio Varela is coming along great these days. His last fight ended in a knockout over Jack Cordero. Cordero holds a draw with Diaz, the Cuban 126 pound champion. However, Varela proved too good for Cordero, and in the fourth round, Cordero took the ten count. Varela is a classy boxer, and should go very far if he is well managed.

Tony Ross, Miami lightweight, and Hilario Martinez from Spain, supplied the fireworks in the main go on June 12. Martinez copped the decision, but Ross was given a big ovation for his splendid class of milling. Martinez knew that he was in a fight, and was in quite a tight position in the fifth round when Ross started off with a vicious right hand attack. Ross will probably be matched with some other good local lightweight shortly.

Arnold Ryan, Brooklyn boy, who is making the grade in the featherweight division. A stiff puncher, he can take it till the cows come home

Ab-Del-Kebir, middleweight from Morroco, outlugged the tough Jesus Rodriguez in ten rounds. Rodriguez was floored twice but never took one step back. He is one of the toughest men around here. His manager Rodolfo Diaz, has had numerous offers for fights in Tampa and Miami for his star middleweight. Sr. Diaz is also manager of the popular Eugene Fernandez. Diaz is kept quite busy with his fighters.

Santiago Esperagera, ex-light heavy champ, has had several offers from promoters in Peru, and Santiago is leaving for that country shortly, where he will clean up quite some dough. Santiago is a good battler, possessing a perfect left jab and a solid right cross, and he should have very little trouble in defeating any of the fighters at Lima, Peru. Good luck to Santiago.

Angel Diaz, scored a four round knockout over Luis Sardinas at Camaguey, Cuba. Sardinas, ex bantamweight champ of Cuba, but now in the 126 pound class, still has lots of good fights left in him, and will probably travel to Spain where number of bouts have been signed up for him. He is a fast boxer, game to the core, and always supplies plenty of action when he's in the ring.

Before a crowd of 6,000, Arthur Shackels, Belgian welterweight, defeated Hilario Martinez of Spain, in a ten round one-sided bout. It was one-sided due to the fact that Martinez would not take a chance to land on his opponent, for fear of getting hit. In spite of the fact that Shackels was forced to come down from 145 pounds to 138, which weakened him to some extent, Shackels did not lose his speed and science and won every round. With a left hook to the chin, Shackels floored his opponent in the first round. From then on Martinez did nothing but roller skate, and a few steps of the Charleston. Shackels scored a hit with the fans, and is matched now with Jim Moran, Spanish welterweight champion.

Henry Dewancker, featherweight from Belgium, scored his third consecutive victory by knocking out Nicasio Varela local boxer in the fourth round of a scheduled ten round bout. Varela tried changing blows with Henry, and was in pretty bad shape towards the end of the fourth round when the referee put a stop to the battle.

Genaro Pino, by defeating Kid Salgado, is the newly crowned bantamweight champion of Cuba. Pino is also claimant to the flyweight title, but he'll have a pretty tough job when he meets Black Bill, who will surely put a stop to Genaro's ambitions. Genaro is a classy little boxer, scaling 112 pounds, but is not in the same rating as Black Bill.

Black Bill, will meet Willie Davies, Charleroi, Pa., flyweight, on June 26. These boys recently fought 12 rounds to a draw, but Bill is not satisfied with a draw, and wants to show his countrymen that he can take Davies measure.

Billy Leonard, Syracuse welterweight star, will soon be seen in Havana rings. His opponent will probably be Jim Moran, Spanish welterweight champion. The fight will be a good one, as Moran is a fast two fisted battler with a good wallop.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROUNDS

By JACK CAHILL

Sailor Jack Carter of San Francisco recently showed in Denver and won on a decision from Jack Kane of Chicago. The Sailor is a good boy and proved to be very popular with the fans.

Jack Kane of Chicago has been doing very well of late. A short time ago he won a decision from Johnny O'Donnell of St. Paul. Kane was the first boy to get as much as a draw with Eddie Mack, lightweight champion of the region in a Denver ring, and is scheduled to meet the champ in a return bout at Walsenburg, Colorado, on July 5. Jack gave Joe Azarella a lacing on June 6, and he is contemplating on going East after the summer months.

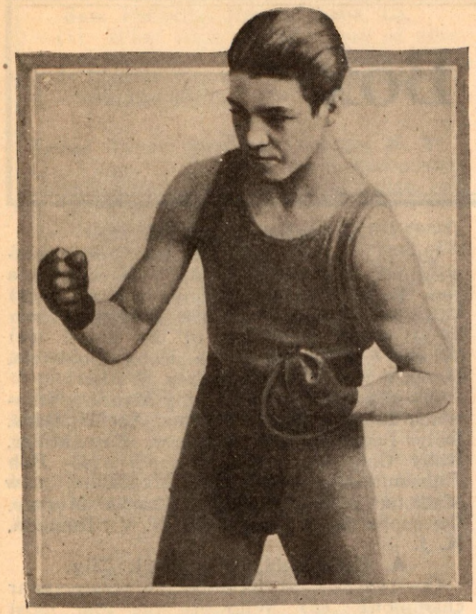
George Manley, Denver light heavyweight, recently won from Jack Lynch, Arizona champion, in an easy ten round affair. Manley has gone to Wichita Falls, Texas, to meet Tommy Loughran. After this bout George is going to make a tour of the East where he is matched with Young Stribling.

Harry Falfund from the Claridge Club of Brooklyn, New York, has been matched with Jimmy Slattery for four rounds some time in the coming month. Galfund is the best boer that has shown in Denver arenas for the past few years.

Don Long, the fight dentist, won from Stewart McLean in the classiest four round bout ever seen in Denver. These two were matched the following week but Long was unable to appear and Bud Hamilton who substituted was given a boxing lesson by the St. Paul leather pusher.

Ham Jenkins, colored middleweight, is gradually rising in the local fistic colony by his good work during the past few months.

Georgie Balduc, a crack junior lightweight, who always pleases the fans. Keep your eyes peeled on this boy. He hails from New York



Sammy Mandell, who won the world's lightweight championship from Rocky Kansas

CHICAGO NOTES

By EDDIE KANE

After a lapse of twenty-five years legalized glove fighting returned to Chicago on July 3 with Rocky Kansas, of Buffalo, the veteran lightweight champion, defending his title against Sammy Mandell, youthful challenger, of Rockford, Ill., in a ten round contest to a referee's decision and Rocky was dethroned.

The contest, the first to be legally decided in Chicago since the memorable fake between Joe Gans and Terry McGovern in 1901, was staged in the Chicago American League park, home of the White Sox. The match was for charity, and was promoted for the Loyal Order of Moose.

Mandell weighed 135 pounds at 1 o'clock in the morning and Kansas scaled 134½.

Sammy Mandell, who received the princely sum of 35 cents for winning his first ring engagement and was rewarded with a bunch of bananas for his second bout, is now the newly crowned world's lightweight champion.

Mandell's first battle, which doesn't appear in the record books, was in a picnic grove at Rockford, Ill., his home, when somebody called him a "Wop."

Mandell is just twenty-four years old, and is of Italian parentage. He was born in Italy and was brought to this country by his father, along with his sisters and brothers, when he was a baby. Sammy's mother died when he was nine months old. His sister, Marion, has been his guiding spirit and a mother to him. She instilled a liking for the church and religion into the new champion, and impressed upon him the value of a clean life. His sister's teaching is the reason why Sammy never fails to attend church on Sunday and why he has never smoked or drank.

Mandell's right name is Samuel Mandello. He has always been known as the Sheik of the Ring. He is an unusually handsome lad and looks no part the fighter.

Mandell entered the lightweight tournament arranged by the New York State Athletic Commission when Benny Leonard announed his permanent retirement. But he was eliminated when he lost to Jimmy Goodrich on a foul in the sixth round. He was looked upon as a certain winner of the tourney at that time, for he was at his best. Jimmy Goodrich emerged from the tournament after many lucky breaks and was crowned the champion when he beat Stanislaus Loayza in the final, Loayza breaking his leg in the bout.

Jimmy's first attempt at defending his title brought disaster. He selected Rocky Kansas, a fellow townsman of Buffalo, and was clearly beaten in fifteen rounds for the title and right before the home folks. That bout was held on Dec. 7 of last year. Rocky's first defense of the title was unsuccessful, Mandell winning the bout and crown.

Billy Petrolle, "the Fargo Express," well earned that appellation by the impressive manner in which he finished Frankie Schaeffer in the first round at East Chicago. Petrolle is a tireless, two-fisted fighter who takes special enjoyment in his aggressiveness and generally thrives on punches.

He is a stiff puncher in either hand and his style is one that naturally appeals to the audience.

Ernie Peters, crack flyweight, stands out as the best of the Mid-western midgets. Ernie has been coming along at a swift pace and with proper development should amount to something worth while.

Art Winch, the rotund trainer of high class fighters, is busily engaged in the serious occupation of seeking new talent. Art trained Charley White, Harold Smith and a host of others and is considered the peer of handlers around the Windy City.

Shuffle Callahan would be a great card in the East were he to take a trip there. His manager has been getting offer after offer for his services but still remembers that disastrous visit made to Cleveland against Tommy Freeman and is hesitant about taking another chance unless he is sure of his opponent.

Bud Taylor, the tow-headed Terre Haute Terror, will get his long sought opportunity at the bantamweight title when he faces Charley (Phil) Rosenberg for the 118 pound championship. The date will probably be July 24th and the fight will be staged under the auspices of Jim Mullins.

Jim Mullins, the leading fistic impresario of the West, will make a trip to New York in a few weeks to seek talent for the gigantic shows that he will put on for his Chicago patrons.

Jimmy Finley, the Louisville welterweight, who now claims Chicago as his home, has progressed wonderfully under the management of Eddie Stanton. Finley whipped Oakland Jimmy Duffy (Hymie Gold), Pinkey Mitchell and other good boys in the welter ranks.

Pete Latzo and Finley would look pretty good to the Chi fans with the world's title at stake.

Wolcott Langford, the colored middleweight who is being looked after by Barney Abel, might develop into something worth while. With the names of two great fighters of the past attached to him, there should be plenty of incentive for him to work for.

The Hudkins family; Ace, the fighter extraordinary, Clyde, the manager, and Art, the trainer, stopped off at Chicago to renew old acquaintances on their way back to Lincoln, Nebraska. Ace startled the New York natives with his sensational knockout victory over Ruby Goldstein and Ace will command a large figure in his second appearance there.

Sol Goldie, Eastern representative of Jim Mullins, expects to enliven fistic doings here this coming winter with a few importations. Archie Bell, who became a great favorite here last year by exhibiting some flashy fighting skill, will come back with possibly Harry Ebbetts, the knockout sensation of Freeport. Ebbetts is only an eighteen year old youngster but has recorded the sum of thirty-one knockouts in thirty-seven contests.

Tommy Herman started off under the management of Max (Boo Boo) Hoff in successful fashion when he handed Lew Mayrs a decisive licking in their ten round bout in Philadelphia. Herman possesses all of the necessary essentials to make a great fighter and with proper handling should have little difficulty in reaching the top.

Ray Rychell, the lanky stringbean, and Midget Smith fought a hammer and tongs affair to a draw recently. Ray is credited with giving Archie Bell two tough arguments and looks promising.

A real western match, one that would attract a capacity audience anywhere in the mid-west, took place in New York. Ray Miller and Mike Dundee, both products of Illinois staged an exciting ten round tussle with Miller winning the decision.

Ray Miller, fighting at his natural poundage of 130 pounds, will prove a dangerous proposition for anyone. Ray tried to remain a featherweight while around Chicago, which hampered his hitting. Now fighting at his regular weight Miller is a menace.

SOUTH EASTERN KANSAS

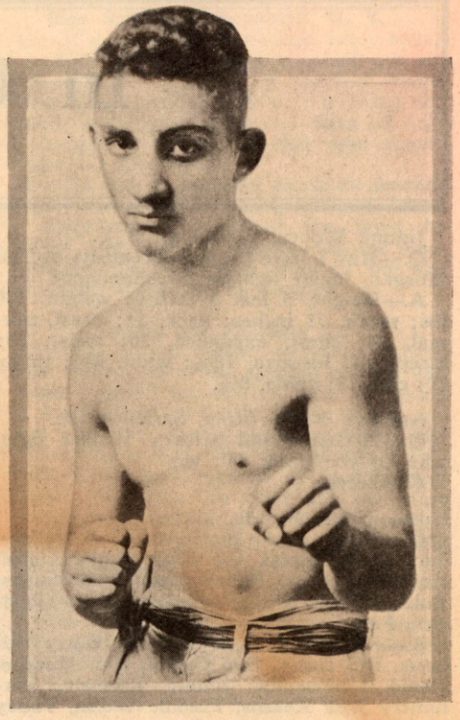
By JESS RISNER

Billy Britton stopped Jerry Lasker in the 4th round of a scheduled ten round main event at Pittsburg, Kansas. Archie Patterson of Weir City won from Dutch Wimbler on a foul in the second round.

The Chanute Elks staged a show with Ed (K. O.) Smith and George Norton heavyweights, in the main bout. Smith slipped Norton the sleep producer in two rounds. Jimmie Carter, the walloping welter, had Army (Kid) Wilson so bloody at the end of the third round that the referee had to stop the bout. Archie Patterson, lightweight sensational, hung the K. O. on Kid Roberts of Kimball, Kansas, in two rounds.

At Springfield, Mo., Tommy Irvine, fast, snappy welter, knocked out Henry Wiltze in the fifth round. Ed (K. O.) Smith, heavyweight, rocked Jack Curley to sleep in the fifth session. Jimmie Carter of Chanute and Johnny Hughes fought ten terrific rounds to a draw.

In the last month's issue of THE RING it was stated



Mike Dundee, Chicago's clever and hard hitting featherweight

in the Kansas fight notes that Walter Page beat Jimmie Carter at Chanute, Carter is forwarding newspaper clippings to show the bout was called a draw and Page was lucky to get that as he was fagging fast in the last two rounds.

The Springfield promoter is making efforts to sign Jimmie Carter and Johnny Hughes for a return bout.

Kansas Kid Easter, hard hitting welter of Chanute, has been out of the game a few weeks with a bad hand.

Pittsburg, Kansas, staged a show with a disappointing main go. Tiger Tedlock, quit in the second round to Johnny Wagner. Approximately 1,500 fans attended. It is doubtful if Tedlock could draw salt on a main event again.

Kid McCoy of Pittsburg, bantamweight fought ten rounds to a draw. Another pair of bantams stepped ten fast rounds in the curtain raiser, Kid Ketchell of K. C., Mo., and Baxter Kid Lloyd of Galena, Kans.

Charley Pitts, globe trotting lightweight and Pat Corbett, stablemates under the management of Jay Thomas of K. C., Mo., headed the main event card at Springfield, Mo., June 18.

Ed (K. O.) Smith heavyweight fighting blacksmith of Picher, Okla., is going good. He stopped all his opponents in his last five bouts.

Eureka, Kansas, is contemplating staging a bout in the near future. The post has not had any bouts for a number of weeks owing to lack of attendance. Business conditions look better at present and the officials figure on giving the game another try in the near future.

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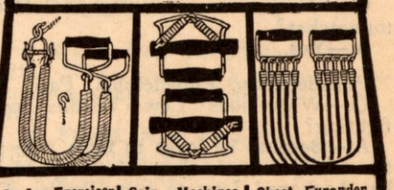

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In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Jimmy Woods, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Q.—May I have the measurements of Tod Morgan, junior lightweight champion?
A.—Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 130 lbs; reach, 71 inches; neck, 14; chest, normal, 34; chest, expanded, 36; waist, 28; biceps, 11, forearm, 10½; wrist, 6¾; thigh, 19; calf, 13; ankle, 8¼.

Admirer of The Ring, Scranton, Pa.
Q.—If Latzo and Mickey Walker fight, who do you think will win?
A.—Latzo.

Inquisitive, Boston, Mass.
Q.—Who are the managers of the following:—Jack Dorval, Joe Glick, Eddie Anderson, Sid Terris, Pal Moran, Chick Suggs, Bobby Garcia, Mickey Walker, Jimmy Goodrich, Pete Latzo?
A.—Perfumery Jack Kearns, Harry Alberts, Bill Duffy, Dan Caplin, Dan Morgan, David Lumiansky, Jimmy Bronson, Perfumery Jack Kearns, Freddie Welsh, Paddy Mullins and his brother Steve.

Constant Reader, Beaumont, Texas.
Q.—(1) What is Jack Johnson's real name? (2) How old is he? (3) Did he ever fight Harry Wills? (4) Was he a better fighter than Dempsey? (5) Did he ever fight Peter Jackson, Corbett, Moran and Fitzsimmons? (6) What were the results, number of rounds and dates? (7) Is he reentering the ring now, and do you think he can ever win back the championship?
A.—(1) Jackson Johnson. (2) Forty-eight. (3) No. (4) Yes. (5) Only Fitzsimmons and Moran. (6) Defeated Moran in 20 rounds in Paris, France, on June 27, 1912, and knocked out Fitz in two heats in Philadelphia in 1907. (7) Only a few nights ago he was stopped by Bob Lawson practically bringing his career to a close.

J. J. O'Rourke, Albany, N. Y.
Q.—Do you think Wills is entitled to a chance at Dempsey's crown?
A.—Yes.

Alva Broun, Nova Scotia, Canada.
Q.—(1) What rating would you give Tommy Robson, Yale Okun, Jack Reddick, Dan Dowd, Bing Conley, Wolf Larsen and Jack Ward? (2) Could Jack Renault whip Yale Okun? (3) Who would you consider the greatest defensive fighter, past or present? (4) Do you think Leonard could defeat Sid Terris at proper weights?
A—(1) None at all. They are ordinary scrappers. (2) Yes. (3) Jack Johnson. (4) Yes.

A Steady Reader, New York City.
Q.—I am twenty-five years old. Am I too old to start boxing?
A.—No.

East Side Fan, New York City.
Q.—Do you consider Ruby Goldstein a topnotcher?
A.—Yes.

Philadelphian, Philadelphia, Pa.
Q.—Why does Lew Tendler continue fighting?
A.—Because he loves to fight. He is well financially but the lure of the padded ring has beckoned Lew to come back. Only a few nights later he battered Basil Galiano from pillar to post. He may fight Benny Leonard in Philadelphia before the summer is out.

Robert Madell, Philadelphia.
Q.—Did Sid Terris ever fight Pancho Villa?
A.—No.

Tommy Sullivan, Toledo, Ohio.
Q.—Who would win in the following bouts —Peter Jackson vs. John L. Sullivan, Ketchel vs. Berlenbach, La Barba vs. Wilde?
A.—Jackson, Ketchel, Wilde.

A Reader, Detroit, Mich.
Q.—I am twenty years old and want to start boxing as a professional. What manager can I rely upon in this city for plenty of fights?
A.—Look up Archie Sillman, who brought Phil McGraw to the front.

Joe Lucas, Baltimore, Md.
Q.—(1) Who would win in a Joe Dundee-Latzo bout? (2) I am twenty-two years old, six feet one inch tall and weight 154 pounds. Do you think I could make good?
A.—(1) Dundee. (2) Age, height and weight all in your favor.

F. E. K., New York City.
Q.—How many times did Jim Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight?
A.—Once.

Charles Sgummoto, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Q.—(1) Could Johnny Grosso beat Jack De Mave, Italian Jack Herman, Carl Carter, Arthur De Kuh, Ray Neumann, Sergeant Jack Adams, Jack Dorval, Leo Gates, Martin Burke and Sandy Seifert? Is he a good prospect? (2) Can Berlenbach beat Delaney?
A.—He can whip De Mave and Herman although both have beaten him. Believe he needs a little more experience. He is a very good prospect. In another year he will trim the others you mention. (2) No.

Freddie Blair, Philadelphia.
Q.—(1) What is your opinion of Mickey Blair, featherweight ace? (2) I am eighteen years old and weight 145 pounds. Can I make 133 with hard training? (3) Who would win between Joe Dundee and Pete Latzo, and Eddie (Kid) Wagner and Phil McGraw?
A.—(1) Never heard of him. (2) Wouldn't advise you to. (3) Dundee. Wagner defeated McGraw a few weeks ago.

Larry La Fay, New York City.
Q.—(1) What do you think of Frankie La Fay, of Troy? Would he have a chance against Tod Morgan? (2) Why does Dempsey fear Wills?
A.—(1) He is a very good fighter and he has a chance against champion Morgan. (2) Dempsey fears no man.

James Clarke, Jersey City, N. J.
Q.—(1) How old is Jack Dempsey? (2) How would you rate Billy Kennedy and Alvin Ridgeway, and do you think they will amount to anything?
A.—(1) Thirty-one. (2) Never heard of Ridgeway. Kennedy is a second rater.

Arthur Shiller, New York City
Q.—How does Eddie Ziegler rate among the bantams, and will he ever be a champion?
A.—Fair. Don't think he'll ever reach the top of the ladder.

A Reader, Fargo, N. D.
Q.—(1) Who are the ten best lightweights? (2) Who would have won in a Jem Driscoll-Terry McGovern bout? (3) Who do you think was the greatest fighter of all times regardless of his class? (4) Where will letters reach Ruby Goldstein, Frankie Schoell and Mickey Walker?
A.—(1) Sid Terris, Sammy Mandell, Stanislaus Loayza, Rocky Kansas, Ace Hudkins, Billy Petrolle, Phil McGraw, Ray Miller, Ruby Goldstein. (2) Driscoll. (3) Bob Fitzsimmons. (4) Jess McMahon, new Madison Square Garden; Charlie Murray, Queensberry, A. C., Buffalo, N. Y.; Rumson, N. J.

A. Greenwald, New York City.
Q.—(1) Is Paul Berlenbach a very popular champion? (2) Who are the four most popular champs in the ring today?
A.—(1) Yes. (2) Berlenbach, Latzo, La Barba, Kaplan.

Williams Fields, New York City.
Q.—(1) Who was Benny Leonard's manager before Billy Gibson? (2) How was Willie Chandler, old time fighter, rated?
A.—(1) Tom McArdle. (2) Just fair.

F. Zachman, New York City.
Q.—(1) What is the nationality of Benny Bass? (2) Who would win in a return go between Goldstein and Hudkins?
A.—(1) Hebrew. (2) Hudkins.

Al West, English boy.
Q.—Kindly give me the address of a live wire manager as I am turning professional and am coming to America.
A.—Billy McCarney, Publicity Building, Forty-seventh Street and Broadway, New York City.

James O'Reilly, Scranton, Pa.
Q.—Please let me have the measurements of champion Pete Latzo?
A.—Height, 5 feet 7 1-2 inches; weight, 147; reach, 68 1-2 inches; chest normal, 36; chest expanded, 39 1-2; waist, 31 1-2; thigh, 19 1-2; calf, 15; ankle, 7 1-2; neck, 15.

Alexander Barraglia, New Britain, Conn.
Q.—Who would win the following bouts —Greb vs. Flowers, Latzo vs. Joe Dundee, Duane vs. Kaplan, Mandell vs. Terris?
A.—Greb, Dundee, Kaplan, Terris.

Arch H. Beaton, Nova Scotia, Canada.
Q.—(1) What do you think of the following for best fighters of all time — heavyweight, Peter Jackson; light heavy, Sam Langford; middleweight, Stanley Ketchel; welterweight, Joe Walcott; lightweight, Joe Gans; featherweight, George Dixon; bantam, Pete Herman; flyweight, Jimmy Wilde? (2) How would Sam Langford fare with Jack Dempsey both at their best? (3) If a man goes down claiming a foul which the referee does not see, what decision does he come to? Would the referee stop the fight and ask the judges for their opinions or would he count the man out first and then consult the judges?
A.—(1) Great. (2) Langford would whip Dempsey. (3) The referee will count him out.

Sam Sague, Philadelphia.
Q.—Is it true that they will not allow any more Filipino boxers to enter the ring on account of the deaths of Sencio and Villa?
A.—No.

Sam Pericone, New Orleans, La.

Q.—(1) What class should a boy of nineteen and weighing 112 to 155 pounds enter? (2) Is Charlie Feraci a great fighter?

A.—Bantamweight. (2) No.

James Xavier Sullivan, Oswego, N. Y.

Q.—Please let me have the measurements of Kid Kaplan, Ruby Goldstein, Latzo and Ace Hudkins.

A.—Kaplan, height, 5 feet 2 inches; reach, 58 inches; neck, 15; thigh, 19 1-2; calf, 13; ankle, 8 1-2; waist, 29; biceps, 11 1-2; forearm, 10; wrist, 7-12; chest normal, 34 1-2; chest expanded, 36 1-2—Goldstein, height, 5 feet 7 1-2 inches; reach, 69 inches; chest normal, 36; chest expanded, 39; waist, 29; thigh, 18; calf, 14 1-2; ankle, 7 1-2; neck, 15 —Latzo, height, 5 feet 7 1-2 inches; reach 68 1-2 inches; chest normal, 36; chest expanded, 39 1-2; waist, 31 1-2; thigh, 19 1-2; calf, 15; ankle, 7 1-2; neck, 15 — Hudkins, height, 5 feet 8 1-2 inches; reach, 68 inches; chest normal, 35; chest expanded, 38; waist, 30; thigh, 19; calf, 14; ankle, 7; neck 14 1-2.

A Reader, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Who manages Pete Latzo?

A.—His brother Mike and Paddy Mullins.

Inquisitive, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—Please publish the exact reading of Section VII pertaining to the defense of titles?

A.—A boxer holding a championship title must defend the same within a period of six months after winning or defending the title in a bona fide bout to a decision. Should such boxer fail to so defend his title the Commission will receive and forward the champion on behalf of another boxer and at the lapse of said six months a "challenge." The champion must accept such challenge within fifteen days after receipt thereof and enter into proper articles of agreement with the challenger, and upon his failure to do so shall stand suspended at the pleasure of the Commission. The Commission will suspend the license of any boxer engaging in any contest within the State of New York or elsewhere with a champion under suspension for refusing to accept a challenge as aforesaid, and if such boxer has not received a license from the State of New York, such engagement will be ground for refusing a license if subsequently applied for.

Oscar Tole, Boston, Mass.

Q.—(1) How old are Phil McGraw, Georgie Balduc, Kid Kaplan, Bobby Garcia, Ruby Goldstein and Ace Hudkins? (2) Will Hudkins beat Goldstein if they ever meet again? (3) Can Mickey Walker come back? (4) How is the Jeffries-Tom Sharkey act?

A.—(1) 21, 21, 24, 23, 21, 21. (2) Yes. (3) No. (4) Very good.

Hugh Addis, Sierra Madre, Cal.

Q.—(1) What are the measurements of Jack Renault; is it true that he will fight Wills this year? (2) Was there ever a heavyweight by the name of Owen Hale who fought before the war, what was his ring name, and whom did he defeat?

A.—(1) Six feet one inch, 195 pounds; no match arranged. (2) No record of him.

A Reader, Bangor, Me.

Q.—(1) I am seventeen years old, weigh 110 pounds, and five feet eight inches tall. Am I too slight to be a boxer? (2) Would you advise me to take lessons by mail? (3) Who will be featherweight champion if Kid Kaplan loses it? (4) What division do you think I could make when I get my full growth, if I become a boxer?

A.—(1) Not if you are in vigorous health. Too young for long bouts. (2) No. (3) The man who whips Kaplan. His most dangerous rival, or challenger, is Red Chapman, of Boston. (4) Light or welter.

Harry Jennings, River Rouge, Mich.

Q.—Did Weston (Spider) Kelly, a flyweight, ever fight around New York? His present age is fifty-two. He claims a main go at the old Madison Square Garden.

A.—Never heard of him. His name not in records. Original Spider Kelly alive and in California.

Ted Cronin, Newark, N. J.

Q.—How many rounds was the longest fight on record; how were the rounds judged, three minute rounds or not and what rules did they go?

A.—Seven hours, nineteen minutes, 110 three minute rounds. A. Bowen vs. J. Burke, April 6, 1893, New Orleans. Queensberry rules.

M. H. U., Montgomery, Ala.

Q.—(1) Who was the greatest heavyweight the world has ever known? (2) Where can I get records of old time fighters? (3) Do you think Dempsey will fight Wills or Tunney this year? (4) Where would you rate Wills among the heavyweights?

A.—(1) Of the present century Peter Jackson. (2) Andrews' Ring Battles of Centuries. (3) Unlikely. (4) Right next to Dempsey.

Johnny McGinn, Philadelphia.

Q.—(1) What has become of Carl France? (2) Who was the greatest Irish fighter? (3) What are Benny Bass' chances of winning Kaplan's crown? (4) What is the main factor of boxing—strength or science?

A.—(1) Do not know. (2) Peter Maher. Majortiy of great fighters Irish or Irish descent. (3) Very good. (4) Science with speed and generalship.

M. J. Burness, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—(1) What is the record of Whitey Burns? (2) What is the best way to get started in the game? (3) Would big time managers care to manage a lightweight without experience? (4) What managers do you think would care to take and build up a beginner? (5) Is Yale Okun a light heavyweight contender?

A.—(1) Not known. (2) Join a gym. (3) No. (4) None. (5) Only fair.

Louis Zipperman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Is it true that the only way a fighter can win in New Jersey is by a knockout; can he win by decision? (2) What is the best exercise to get strength enough to kayo someone? (3) What is the name and address of some manager who you think would take good care of me?

A.—(1) No decisions except on K. O. or foul. (2) Punching bag, road work. (3) George Engle, room 727, No. 43 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Brooklyn Fanatic, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Does a manager always stay in his fighter's corner? (2) Which is the most important exercise for a fighter? (3) What pace should one walk or run to increase wind?

A.—(1) No. (2) Fighting. (3) Vary the pace from walking to running, closing with a short sprint.

A Reader, T. G., Tampa, Fla.

Q.—If Jack Johnson and Dempsey were to meet, how many rounds would Johnson last?

A.—When Johnson was at his best, he would have lasted as many rounds as were scheduled and won on points, probably by K. O.

Arthur Biffus, Reading, Pa.

Q.—What is the correct color of Dempsey's hair, eyes and complexion; what is his height and weight?

A.—Black, gray, dark; six feet 1 1-2 inches, 190 pounds.

Mac Schwager, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—If a fighter after winning every round of a fight, suddenly gets knocked out six seconds before the end of the last round, taking into consideration that it takes ten seconds to be counted out and there are only six seconds left to that round, who should be awarded that fight?

A.—He may be knocked down six seconds before the end of a round but not "out." To constitute a knockout ten must be counted over boxer or referee stop the bout. Therefore the man who won all but the last round would get the decision.

Gunga Din, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—(1) What does physical culture mean? (2) I have the fighting instinct and I know I would succeed if I took up boxing but I am timid at times. What makes me timid and how can I overcome this? (3) What is the best way to learn to fight? (4) What is the best method of practising at home? (5) How old must one be before boxing for money? (6) Will walking around the office all day long harm you in any way?

A.—(1) Development of muscles, strength, vigor, speed. (2) Take up boxing. (3) Join a gym. (4) Insufficient. (5) Ability is the only requirement. (6) Won't do you any special good.

Louis Leon, Folsom, Cal.

Q.—How old were the following champs when they lost their titles—John L. Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Tommy Burns, Johnson and Willard?

A.—34, 31, 37; retired in 1905 at 30 undefeated. Returned in 1910 at 35 as challenger and was beaten by Johnson; 27, 37, 36.

Johnny Nemis, New Waterford, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Q.—Please let me have the addresses of the following—Spider Kelly, Jim Jeffries, Billy Gibson, Jim Corbett?

A.—San Franlisco, Cal., Los Angeles, Cal. **No. 41 East 42nd Street New York City; Bayside, L. I.; Jeffries and Sharkey now touring in vaudeville in East.**

Joe Scott, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—Please let me have the measurements of Sammy Mandell and Rocky Kansas?

A.—Mandell, height five feet 2 inches; reach, 63 inches; neck 15 1-2; chest normal, 34; chest expanded 37; waist, 29; forearm, 9 1-2; wrist, 5 1-2; biceps, 12; thigh, 18; calf, 12; ankle, 7. Kansas—height, five feet 7 inches; reach, 67; neck, 15; chest normal, 38; chest expanded, 39; waist, 28 1-2; forearm, 9 1-4; wrist, 5; biceps, 10 1-4; thigh 28 1-2; calf, 11 1-2; ankle 7.

Inquisitive, Davenport, Iowa.

Q.—Who would win in the following—Dave Shade vs. Maxie Rosenbloom, Greb vs. Flowers, Joe Gans vs. Benny Leonard, Sam Langford vs. Stanley Ketchel, Jeffries vs. Dempsey, Wolcott vs. Walker, Jimmy Wilde vs. Fidel La Barba?

A.—Rosenbloom, Greb, Gans, Langford, Jeffries, Wolcott, Wilde.

James J. Morton, Hillcrest, L. I.

Q.—Who is the matchmaker of the Queensboro Stadium?

A.—Tom McArdle.

A Fan, New York City.

Q.—Has Willie Harmon a chance to become welterweight champion?

A.—No.

A Friend, New York City.

Q.—Do you think Ruby Goldstein is finished as a great fighter?

A.—Certainly not.

Philadelphia Reader, Philadelphia.

Q.—Who got the most money between Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler in their last meeting?

Just Among Ourselves

"KINDLY find enclosed money order for one dollar and seventy-five cents for one year's subscription to your valuable and interesting journal.

"I have been a regular reader of the Ring for several years and may say without hesitancy that it is by a long shot the peer of all boxing magazines. The only drawback is that at times it is hard to get in this part of the country, for if one is not there on the dot, all copies are sold. Therefore, my subscription, so that I may be certain of not missing a number.

"I like the Ring particularly because of its able staff of writers and authoritative articles and also because of its clean and wholesome pages. The fault with many of the Boxing journals that I have seen is that clean sport is mixed up with the doings of the bright light districts and too much space is given to pictures of dancing dames in scant attire. The Ring differs from these in that its pages preach that, like the sport which it features, boxing cannot be mixed with the fast stuff and succeed. This alone makes the Ring the success it so well merits.

"The editorials are splendid and the articles on the old timers are a treat. Mr. Albertanti sure deserves much praise for his articles and his correct answers to difficult questions, but of all the writers who contribute to the Ring, I like Spike Webb's stuff best. He certainly has some great dope.

"A knock is as good as a boost if it hits the right spot and I may as well say here that I have one little fault with the Ring. It is this: Whoever writes the Eastern Canada notes under the name of Jack Mason has a poor habit of getting things wrong. Down here his stuff is about as popular as surf boards in Greenland. The Ring comes in for not a little criticism on this account.

"For example, in the June issue of the Ring he takes a rap at Jack McKenna, the pride of Cape Breton and welterweight champion of Eastern Canada. He states that McKenna 'generally takes sick before a bout and also has a habit of picking his opponents.' Nothing could be more at variance with the truth than this statement and the gentlest way I can put it is that Mr. Mason is muchly misinformed on McKenna.

"This McKenna boy is one of the best welterweights in Canada right now and it is a pretty safe bet that before many moons he will cop the Canadian title at the rate he is going. He is twenty-two years old and has had twenty-eight fights, scoring twelve knockouts, winning ten decisions, drawing in two and losing four very questionable decisions. In regard to the bouts he lost, he has never failed to whip the man who beat him in a return engagement. McKenna has won over such boys as Nedder Healey, Andy Palmer, Gordon Paris, Joe Irvine, Martin Flaherty and Joe Hartnett and among those he has stopped are Joe Carbon, Dick Hunt, Billy Groff, Kid Melanson, and several other fast steppers.

"Jack NEVER picks his opponents and has never canceled a fight owing to sudden sickness. He packs the wallop of a heavyweight in either hand and his only trouble is finding opponents who can make a fight of it with him.

"I trust that our friend Mason will confine himself to the facts when he writes in future.

"I enclose a couple of questions for Mr. Albertanti which you will kindly hand to him if convenient.

"Wishing you all the success in the world and trusting to receive the Ring regularly after this, I am,

Sincerely yours,
ARCHY BEATON,
Dominion, Nova Scotia.

GERMANY IS GRATEFUL

"PERMIT me, as one of the representatives of the boxing fraternity of Germany and one of Germany's leading sportsmen, to congratulate The Ring for the splendid, most interesting articles "On boxing in Germany, France and England," which were written by the Publisher upon his return from Europe. The articles, especially on Germany, were so accurately gauged and so interestingly written, that we in Germany had copies of same published and broadcasted throughout the Republic in Germany's leading newspapers.

"Boxing in Germany was an unknown sport prior to the World War. It was only after the return of prisoners from the Isle of Wight that any interest in boxing was displayed. Prior to the war fights were prohibited but since then, boxing has become Germany's leading sport.

"We in Germany have fostered the sport through our amateur clubs. Every athletic cub here has its quota of amateur boxers and who knows, as the Editor of The Ring declared, but that from this army of youngsters, there will yet arise at last one world's professional champion?

"I am of opinion that a people of 60 millions, working as methodically as do the Germans, will soon play an important role in the boxing. What our men want, is American experience and training. Perhaps we may get the necessary teachers through the intermediacy of THE RING.

L. D. MELAMERSON,
Berlin, Germany.

"I am sincerely happy to renew my subscription to The Ring which as you truthfully say, stands for all that is good and honest in boxing, the most wonderful sport of all times.

"I want to congratulate you on your wonderful book. We boxing fans want books like that. It is honest and does all it can for boxing. Everything in it is wonderful.

Wishing you the best of success, I remain,
Samuel Rubin, N. Y. C.

HAS FOUND A "FORTUNE"

"Enclosed please find check for $1.50 and kindly add my name to your list of readers of your interesting magazine, THE RING.

"It was like finding a fortune when I discovered your magazine. Boxing is my weak spot and I refuse to part with THE RING.

SHEA I. SHAPIRO,
6812 Pennsylvania Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

SAYS CORBETT WAS GREATEST

Editor, THE RING:

"MANY of your readers have picked the greatest heavyweight fighter of al time and have picked good ones. I admit that Jackson, Jeffries, Johnson, Sullivan and Fitzsimmons were great but I think Jim Corbett was without a peer.

"He fought the great Jackson who was barred by both Sullivan and Fitz. Odds of 5 to 1 were offered against Corbett and it was even money that he would not last 10 rounds. He fought 61 rounds to a draw. When he fought Sullivan, odds of 5 to 1 were offered against him yet he won with a K. O.

"He knocked out Joe Choynski, who afterwards knocked out Jack Johnson. He lasted 23 rounds with Jeffries. None of the other big fellows can show such a record

"Fitz fought most of his opponents twice but was afraid to give Corbett a return match. He knew he won by a lucky punch too. Corbett knew how to box, could feint, hit and sidestep. None of the others had these qualities. He fought the BEST MEN, he barred none.

W. C. MURRAY,
An Oldster.

DEFENDS JEFFRIES

"IN the July issue of THE RING, D. Lyon declares that Jeffries could not take a punch and was a quitter when he let Johnson knock him out.

"I beg to differ with him on this point.

"I think James J. Jeffries was the greatest heavyweight champion the prize ring has ever known. Jeffries had a rocky road to travel. He was a green novice with only three or four fights when he was matched with the skillful Joe Choynski who at that time had met the best men in all the country. Choynski was a terrible puncher and in the tenth round he landed a right hand punch on Jeff's mouth with such terrific force that it drove Jeff's upper lip back between his teeth and one of his seconds had to use a knife to cut the lip away. After this, Jeffries fought so aggressively despite his awkward style that he received a draw at the end of 20 rounds.

"About a year after his fight with Choynski, with less than a dozen fights under his belt, Jeffries conquered the great Fitzsimmons. Jeff took all of Bob's terrible blows and knocked him out and became the heavyweight champion at 24 years of age.

"Jeff gave Bob a return match and proved that he was the gamest and most rugged man that ever fought in the roped arena. Jeffries took enough punishment in this fight to K. O. a dozen ordinary heavyweights.

"Trusting that this letter will end all disputes and untrue things said about Jeffries, I remain."

JOSEPH GABLICK,
Irvington, N. J.

FROM TIENTSIN, CHINA

"THE articles in THE RING on the greatest heavyweight have been mighty interesting. They have provided much food for thought for those of us who get THE RING here in North China. I introduced the 'Ring' here last year and it is getting more popular with every issue. McNally and Mott is the concern that is selling THE RING, and more and more are being sold every month.

"The boxing game here is coming along fairly well. The Chinese do not seem to take to boxing. Most of the 'fight-fans' are either Europeans or Americans.

"There are three clubs in Tientsin. The Empire, Gordon Hall and the fight club at the American soldier Barracks capacity houses are as a rule common. Whenever a good show is put on by the local promoters a sell out is assured and up to date nothing but good shows have been seen.

"There are many number of boxers here at present—about six heavyweights and twice that number of middleweights. English, Australian American and Italian boys. A few have met some of the best boys in Europe and the states and most of them are 'just' trying to pick up enough to pay their fare home.

"Welterweights are aplenty, and there is one boy who is knocking 'em dead, Teddy Sasdick, a Marine.

"He has been winning right along and against the best English, French and Filipino boxers. His latest victim was the tough Filipino, K. O. Kyko, and Sasdick beat him down in 6 rounds.

"The last three cards shown in Tientsin were good. Ted Sasdick beat K. O. Kyko, 6 rounds; 'Flash' Ferguson won from 'Tiger' Mermato the slugging Filipino with ease. 'Flash' is credited with a four round win over Bud Taylor. He is a splendid fighter and will make many boys in the States step some when he gets home.

"He has also met Jimmy Mende an Eastern bantam of some note.

"On the same card, Joe Moser Columbus bearcat beat 'Snoose' Hoffmeister, the human punching bag. Chief James, a pure Mohawk Indian heavyweight beat Carlo Cerrutti the Italian heavy with ease, but only received a draw.

"Kid Gordon, Russian feather, received the nod over Battling Baker. It was a good card, a sell-out house witnessed the show—and left the club well satisfied.

"The second of the cards brought together the best boys in China. 'Nig' Lopez the Texas Junior, L. W., who has met the best boys in Cuba and the Southwest, tackled Elino Tigora and Tigora won the palm after ten hectic rounds.

"Ted Sasdick hung the K. O. on Batt McGee, a colored boy, who has seen lots of service within the hemped arena.

"'Tiger' Mermato came all the way from Shanghi for a beating. Freddie Ortez, local bantamweight beat the 'Tiger' to a frazzle in ten heats.

"'Snoose' Hoffmiester, local shock absorber, punched the daylights out of Joe Moser, the old trial horse.

"Kid Karl, German lightweight champ, beat Frankie Stokes.

"The last of the bouts held here wasn't as good as the two previous cards, as the main event was a slaughter. Elino Tigora K. O.d Kid Jova, Spanish Junior lightweight in four terrible rounds.

"Young Randal, sensational college lightweight, drew with Battling Moser after six hard rounds. Randal is making a trip to Melborne, Australia shortly to meet either Harry Collins or Grimes, lightweight champion of the Antipodes.

"'Kid' Yako beat the tar out of 'Snoose' Hoffmiester, but lost the nod the judges erring in their verdict. Yako walloped Hoffmiester throughout the eight rounds.

"Freddie Ortez and Kid Jova drew in six hard rounds.

"Chief James hung the K. O. sign on the English heavy—Soldier Davidson, who was touted as a real comer.

"Sailor Sakonsky lost to Soldier Skie. The soldier certainly knows his 'stuff' and will go a long way in fistianna.

"Chuck Peyton, popular Tienstin welter, won the referee's decision over 'Snoose' Hoffmiester.

"Well, Mr. Fleischer? I do not know whether this 'stuff' is good enough for your valuable paper, but I hope so anyway, just to give the boys at home a chance to see what we are doing in far off China.

"I hope you print THE RING about twice or four times per month, for it doesn't come often enough to please the 'fight-fans' in North China."

Wishing your paper success, I remain,
(Old Dusty) JOHN R. SOLA,
Tientsin, China.

"HAVE been a reader of your fine boxing magazine and consider it the best on the market. There are several persons here in Tientsin and have brought about many disputes. I disagree with Mr. Howard of Cross Plains, Texas, in choosing James Jeffries as the greatest. He says that records prove it.

"The only men of champion caliber he ever fought were Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Sharkey and Fitz and Corbett had already fired their big guns and were slipping. Fitz was forty and Jeff thirteen years younger. It caused Jeffries a lot of torture to get a decision over Sharkey. The others Jeff fought were a bunch of second and third raters. Jackson whipped all who would fight him in foreign countries then came to America to hang Sullivan's scalp to his belt but Sullivan was too wise to fight him so there were no more worlds to conquer.

"Fitz bowed to Jackson's superiority and said Jackson could defeat any man. Corbett proclaimed Jackson the greatest fighter he ever saw. Some record, I'll say.

"If there was anyone that appeared on the horizon of the price ring that had the makings of Jackson's equal (or possibly his superior) it was Luther McCarty. All his victories were k. o.'s with grace and ease and all this was when he was just a big kid, not old enough to vote. He stood out as the greatest since Jackson's day. Too bad he died."

ROY EDWARDS,
San Bernardino, Calif.

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NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

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